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PORPHYRION



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# PORPHYRION

AND OTHER POEMS.



# PORPHYRION

AND OTHER POEMS BY

LAURENCE BINYON



LONDON

GRANT RICHARDS

1898

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF LONDON  
FROM THE FOUNDATION  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

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TO JOY.

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*For the design on the cover of  
this volume I am indebted to  
Mr. William Strang.—L. B.*

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PORPHYRION . . . . .	I
LONDON VISIONS :	
The Fire . . . . .	63
Martha . . . . .	66
The Dray . . . . .	74
Eleonora Duse as Magda . . . . .	75
Midsummer Noon . . . . .	77
The Paralytic . . . . .	78
Songs of the World Unborn . . . . .	79
THE SUPPER . . . . .	83
VARIOUS POEMS :	
The Renewal . . . . .	109
February Morning . . . . .	119
Song . . . . .	120
May Evening . . . . .	121
Love Infinite . . . . .	122
Over the Sea . . . . .	123
Lament . . . . .	124
Separation . . . . .	125
Fears of Love . . . . .	126
In the Firelight. . . . .	127
The Elm . . . . .	128
The Vision of Augustine and Monica . . . . .	130
The Pine Woods of Grijó . . . . .	137
Carvalhos . . . . .	139
Douro . . . . .	141
Nature . . . . .	147
NOTES . . . . .	149



PORPHYRION:  
A POEM, IN FIVE BOOKS.

## ARGUMENT.

*A young man of Antioch, flying from the world, in that enthusiasm for the ascetic life which fascinated early Christendom, dwells some years a hermit in the Syrian desert ; till, by an apparition of magical loveliness, his life is broken up, and his nature changed: returning to the world, he embraces every vicissitude, hoping to find again the lost vision of that ideal beauty.*

*For the story on which this poem is founded, see the notes at the end of the book.*

# PORPHYRION.

## BOOK I.

O FROM the dungeon of this flesh to break  
At last, and to have peace, Porphyrior cried,  
Inly tormented, as with pain he toiled  
Before his dwelling in the Syrian noon :  
The desert, idly echoing, answered him.  
Had not the desert peace ? All empty stood  
That region, the swept mansion of the wind.  
Pillars of skiey rock encompassed it  
Afar ; there was no voice, nor any sound  
Of living creature, but from morn to eve  
Silence abounding, that o'erflowed the air  
And the waste sunshine, and on stone and herb  
The tinge and odour of neglected time.

Yet into vacancy the troubled heart  
Brings its own fullness : and Porphyrior found  
The void a prison, and in the silence chains.

He in the unripe fervour of sweet youth  
Hearing a prophet's cry, had fled from mirth  
And revel to assuaging solitude.

He turned from soft entreaties, he unwound  
The arms that would have stayed him, he denied  
His friends, and cast the garland from his brow.  
Pangs of diviner hunger urged him forth  
Into the wild ; for ever there to lose  
Love, hate, and wrath, and fleshly tyrannies,  
And madness of desire : tumultuous life,  
Full of sweet peril, thronged with rich alarms,  
Dismayed his soul, too suddenly revealed :  
And far into the wilderness, from face  
And feet of men he fled, by memory fierce  
Pursued ; till in the impenetrable hills  
He deemed at last to have discovered peace.  
Three years amid the wilderness he dwelt,  
In solitary, pure aspiring turned  
Toward the immortal Light, that all the stars  
Outshines, and the frail shadow of our death  
Consumes for ever, and sustains the sun.  
The voiceless days in pious order flowed,  
Calm as the gliding shadow of a cloud  
On Lebanon ; morn followed after morn  
Like the still coming of a stream : his mind  
Was habited in silence, like a robe.

Then gradually mutinous, quenched youth  
Swelled up again within him, hard to tame.  
For like that secret Asian wave, that drinks  
The ever-running rivers, and holds all  
In jealous wells ; so had the desert drunk  
All his young thoughts, wishes, and idle tears,  
Nor any sigh returned ; but in his breast



Sweet yearnings, and the thousand needs that live  
Upon the touch of others, impulses  
Quick as dim buds are to the rain and light,  
Falterings, and leanings backward after joy,  
And dewy flowerings in the heart, that make  
Life fragrant, were all sealed and frozen up.  
Now, at calm evening, the just-waving boughs  
Of the lone tree began to trouble him :  
Almost he had arisen, following swift  
As after beckoning hands. Now every dawn  
At once disrobed him of tranquillity :  
Fever had taken him ; and he was wrought  
Into perpetual strangeness, visited  
By rumours and bright hauntings from the world.  
And now the noon intolerable grew :  
The very rock, hanging about him, seemed  
To listen for his footfall, and the stream  
Commented, whispering to the rushes. Ah,  
The little lizard, blinking in the sun,  
Was spying on his soul ! A terror ran  
Into his veins, and he cried out aloud,  
And heard his own voice ringing in the air,  
A sound to start at, echoing fearfully.  
He paced with fingers clenched, with knotted brow :  
He cast himself upon the ground, to feel  
His wild breast nearer the impassive earth,  
So far away in peace, but all in vain !  
And springing up he cast swift eyes around  
Like a sore-hunted creature that must seek  
A path to fly : alas, from his own thoughts

What outer wilderness shall harbour him ?  
Then after many idle purposes,  
And such vain wringing of the hands, as use  
Men slowly overtaken by despair,  
He sought in toil, last refuge, to forget :  
And he began to labour at the plot  
Before his rocky cell, digging the soil  
With patience, and the sweat was on his brow.  
All the lone day he toiled, until at last  
He rested heavy on the spade, and bowed  
His head upon his hands : a shadow lay  
Beneath him, and deep silence all around.  
The silence seized him. As a man who feels  
Some eye upon him unperceived, he turned  
His head in fear : and lo, a little sound  
Among the reeds, like laughter, mocked at him.  
And he discerned bright eyes in ambush hid  
Beyond the bushes ; and he heard distinct  
A song, borne to him with the clapping hands  
Of banqueters ; an old song heard afresh,  
That melted quivering in his heart, and woke  
Delicious memory : all his senses hung  
To listen when that voice sang to his soul :  
Then, fearfully aware, he shuddered back ;  
Yet could not shake the music from his ears.  
He cast the spade down, with quick-beating heart,  
And sought that voice, whence came it ; but the reeds  
In the soft-running stream were motionless,  
The bushes vacant, all the valley dumb :  
And clear upon the yellowed region burned

Evening serene. Then his sore troubled heart  
With a tumultuous surging in his breast  
Heaved to the calm heaven in a bitter cry :  
I have no strength, I have no refuge more.  
Father, ere thou forsake me, send me peace !

Scarce had the sun into his furnace drawn  
The western hills, whose molten peaks shot far  
Over the wide waste region fiery rays,  
When swiftly Night descended with her stars :  
And lo, upon this wrought, unhappy spirit  
At last out of the darkness, raining mild  
In precious dew upon the desert, peace  
Incredibly descended with the night.  
He stood immersed in the sweet falling hush.  
Over him liquid gloom quivered with stars  
Appearing endlessly, as each its place  
Remembered, and in order tranquil shone.  
Easily all his fever was allayed :  
And as a traveller strained against a storm  
That meets him, buffeting the mountain side,  
Suddenly entering a deep hollow, finds  
Magical ease over his nerves, and thinks  
He never tasted stillness till that hour ;  
So eager he surrendered and relaxed  
His will, persuaded sweetly beyond hope.

Tranquil at last, his solitary cell  
He entered, and a taper lit, that shed  
Upon rude arches and deep-shadowed walls

A clearness, tempering all with gentle beam.  
Then he, that with such anguish of desire  
Had supplicated peace, now peace was come,  
Of all forgetful save of his strange joy,  
That dear guest in his bosom entertained ;  
From trouble and from the stealing steps of time  
Sequestered ; housed within a blissful mood  
Of contemplation, like a sacred shrine ;  
And poured his soul out, into gratitude  
Released : how long, there was no tongue to tell,  
Nor was himself aware ; no warning voice  
Admonished, and the great stars altered heaven  
Unnoted, and the hours moved over him,  
When on his ear and slowly into his soul  
Deliciously distilling, stole a sigh.  
O like the blossoming of peace it seemed,  
Or like an odour heard ; or as the air  
Had mirrored his own yearning joy in speech,  
A whisper wandering out of Paradise.  
Porphyryon, Porphyryon ! Like a wind  
Shaking a tree, that whisper shook his heart.  
Keen to reality enkindled now  
His inmost fibre was aware of all :  
Vast night and the unpeopled wilderness  
Around him silent ; in that solitude  
Himself, and near to him a human sigh !

Immediately the faint voice called again :  
Thou only in this perilous wilderness  
Hast found a refuge ; ah, for pity's sake

Open ! It is a woman weak and lost  
In this great darkness, that importunes thee.

Then with a beating heart, Porphyrior spoke.  
O woman, I have made my soul a vow  
To look upon a human face no more.

Yet in some corner might I rest my limbs  
That are so weary with much wandering,  
And thou be unhurt by the sight of me !

Sweet was the voice : doubting, he answered slow.  
Thou troublest me. I know not who thou art  
That com'st so strangely, and I fear thy voice.  
What wouldst thou with me ? Enter : but my face  
Seek not to meet.

Then he unclosed the door,  
But turned aside, and knelt apart, and strove  
Again to enter the sweet house of peace.  
Yet his heart listened, as with hurried feet  
The woman entered ; and he heard her sigh,  
Like one that after peril breathes secure.  
Now the more fixedly he prayed ; his will  
Was fervent to be lost in holy calm,  
So hardly new-recovered : but his ear  
Yearned for each gentle human sound, the stir  
Of garments, moving hand or heaving breast.  
Amid his prayer he questioned, who is this  
That wanders in this wilderness alone ?  
And, as he thought, the faint voice came to him :

I hunger.

Then, as men do in a dream,  
Obeying without will, he sought and found  
Food from his store, and brought, and gave to her.  
But as he gave, he touched her on the hand :  
He looked at unawares, then turned away ;  
And dared with venturing eyes to look again ;  
And when he had looked, he could not look elsewhere.  
O what an unknown sweetness troubled him !  
He gazed : and as wine blushes through a cup  
Of water slowly, in sure-winding coils  
Of crimson, the pale solitude of his soul  
Was filled and flushed, and he was born anew.  
Instantly he forgot all his despair  
And anguished supplications after peace.  
Not peace, but to be filled with this strange joy  
He pined for, while that lovely miracle  
His eyes possessed, nor wonder wanted more.  
At last his breast heaved, and he found a voice.

Mystery, speak ! O once again refresh  
My famished ear with thy sweet syllables !  
Thou comest from the desert night, all bloom !  
I fear to look away, lest thou shouldst fade.  
Art thou too moulded out of simple earth  
As I, or only visitest my sight,  
Deluding ? Ah, Delusion, breathe again  
The music of thy voice into my soul !

As if a rose had sprung within his cell

And magically opened odorous leaves,  
So felt he, as she raised her eyes on him  
And spoke.

Hast thou forgotten then so soon ?  
Hast thou not vowed never again to look  
On face of woman or of man ? Remember  
Ere it be lost, thy vow, thy treasured vow.  
O turn away thy wonder-wounded eyes,  
Call back thy rashly wandering looks, unsay  
Thy words, and this frail image from thy breast  
Lock harshly out ! Defend thy soul with prayers,  
Nor hazard for a dream thy holy calm ;  
Lest thou repent, and this joy shatter thee.

While thus she spoke, the stirring of her soul,  
Even as a breeze is seen upon a pool,  
Appeared upon her face. Like the pale flower  
Of darkness, the sweet moon, that dazzles first  
And then delights, unfolding more and more  
Her beauty, shining full of histories  
On the dark world, upon Porphyryon now  
She shone ; and he was lifted into air  
Such as immortals breathe, who dwell in light  
Of memory beginningless, and hope  
Endless, and joy old and forever fresh.  
He heard, yet heard not, and still gazing, sighed :

Pour on, delicious Music, in my ears  
Thy sweetness : for I parch, I am athirst.  
Three years have I been vacant of all joy,



Have mocked my sense with famine, and the sound  
Of wind and reed : but in thy voice is bliss.  
How am I changed, since I have looked on thee !  
Thou art not dream. Yet, if a vision only,  
Tell me not yet, suffer me still to brim  
My sight to overflowing, to rejoice  
My heart to melting, even to despair.  
Thou art not dream ! Yet tell me what thou art,  
That in this desert ventur'est so deep ?

Seek not, she answered, what I am, nor whence  
I come ; in destiny, perhaps, my hand  
Was stretched toward thee, and my way prepared.  
Only rejoice that thou didst not refuse  
Help to the helpless, and hast succoured me.

As the awakened earth beholds the sun,  
Her saviour, when his beam delivers her  
From icy prison, and that annual fear  
Of death, Porphyryon in his bosom felt  
Pangs of recovered ecstasy, old thoughts  
Made young, and sweet desires bursting his heart  
Like the fresh bursting of a thousand leaves.  
Uplifted into rapture he exclaimed :

O full of bliss, out of the empty world  
That comest wondrous, I will ask no more.  
Enough that thou art here, that I behold  
Thy face, and in thee mirrored all the world  
Created newly : Eyes, my oracles,  
What days, what years of wonder ye foretell !



As in a dewdrop all the morning shines  
 I see in you time glorious, grief refreshed,  
 And Fate undone.

Seest thou only this ?

She said, and earnestly regarded him :  
 Art thou so eager after joy ? Yet think  
 In what a boundless wilderness of time  
 We wander brief ! Art thou so swift to taste  
 Of thy mortality ? Yet I am come  
 To bring thee tidings out of every sea ;  
 Not pearls alone, but shipwrecks in the night  
 Unsuccoured, and disastrous luring fires,  
 And tossings infinite, and peril strange.  
 O wilt thou dare embark ? Dost thou not dread  
 This ocean, in whose murmur seems delight ?  
 Will even thy hunger drive thee through the waves  
 To bliss ? I look on thee, and see the joy  
 Rise up within thy bosom, and I fear.  
 So fragile is this sweetness, and so vast  
 The world : O venturous, glad voyager,  
 Be sure of all thy courage, for I see  
 Far off the cloud of sorrow, and bright spears,  
 And dirges, and joy changed from what it seemed.  
 Art thou still fervent, O impetuous one ?  
 Still hastest thou to fly tranquillity ?

But he on whom she looked with those deep eyes  
 Of bright compassion, answered undismayed :

Let me drink deep of this fountain of bliss !

Speak not of mortal fear, speak not of pain :  
Thou painest, but with joy. Thou art all joy ;  
And in the world I have no joy but thee.  
O that I had the wasted days once more  
Since to this idle, barren wilderness  
I fled, in fear of the tumultuous world,  
Enamoured of the silence : here I dreamed  
In lonely prayer to satiate my soul.  
But now, I want. Rain on my thirsty heart  
Thy charm, and by so much as was my loss  
By so much more enrich me. I have stript  
My days, imprisoned wandering desires,  
Made of my mind a jealous solitude,  
Pruned overrunning thoughts, and rooted up  
Delight and the vain weeds of memory,  
Imagining far off to capture peace.  
Blind fool ! But O no, let me rather praise  
Foreseeing Fate, that kept so fast a watch  
Over my bliss, and of my heart prepared  
A wilderness to bloom with only thee !

Even now he would embrace her ; but awhile  
She with delaying gesture stayed him still,  
Wistfully doubting, and perusing well  
His inmost gaze and his adoring heart.

As from bright water on some early morn,  
Under a beautiful dim-branching tree,  
A gleam floats up among the leaves, and sends  
Light into darkness wavering : from the light

Of his enraptured face a radiance shone  
Into the mystery of her eyes ; at last  
To his warm being she resigned her soul.  
She on his heart inscribed for evermore  
Her look in that deep moment, and her love.  
At unawares this trembled from her lips :

O joyful spirit, I too have need of thee !  
And now he seemed to fold her in his arms,  
And on the mouth to kiss her ; close to him,  
Surely her swimming eyes were dim with love,  
Her lips against him murmured tenderly,  
And her cheek touched his own : yet even now,  
Even as her bosom swelled within his arms,  
As like the inmost richness of a rose  
Wounding, the perfume of her soul breathed up  
An insupportable joy into his brain,  
Even now, alas ! faltering in ecstasy,  
His arms were emptied ; back he sank ; despair  
Drowned him ; upon his sense the darkness closed ;  
And with a cry, lost in a cloud, he fell.

## BOOK II.

SLUMBER these desolated senses guard  
With silence interposed and dimness kind;  
While in tumultuous ebb joy and dismay  
Murmur, re-gathering their surge afar.  
Idle thou liest, Porphyryon, and o'erthrown  
By violent bliss into a trance as deep:  
Yet even in thy trance thou takest vows,  
Thou burnest with a dedicated fire,  
And thou canst be no more what thou hast been.  
A rebel, thou wert in strong bonds, who now  
Art chosen and consenting: and prepared  
Is all thy path, that no more leads to peace,  
But to repining fever; pain so dear,  
It will not be assuaged. Awaiting thee  
Is all that Love of the deep heart requires;  
The ecstasy, the loss, the hope, the want,  
The prick of grief beneath the closed eyelid  
Of him whom memory visits, but not rest;  
The sweetness touched, for ever perishing  
Out of the eager hands. Invisibly  
Perhaps even now on thy unconscious cheek  
Thy Guide is gazing, and to pity moved  
He thy forgetful term gently extends.

At last from heavily unclouding sleep  
 Porphyrior stirs : dimly over his brain  
 Returns the noon, and opens wide his eyes.  
 Some moments by the veiling sense of use  
 Delayed in wonder, troubled he starts up.  
 Instantly he remembered ; and all changed  
 Appeared his cell, the silence and the light :  
 She, whom his heart had need of, was not there.  
 And eager from his dwelling he came forth,  
 If there were sign of her. But all was still.

Suspended over the forsaken land,  
 The sun stood motionless, and palsied Time,  
 Helpless to urge his congregated hours,  
 Leaned heavy on the mountain : the steep noon  
 Had all the cool shade into fire devoured.  
 Then quailed Porphyrior. Lost was his new joy,  
 An apparition frail as a bright flame  
 Seen in the sun : irrevocably lost.  
 The old thoughts that so long had sheltered him.  
 The fear, that presaging the heavy world  
 Makes wail the newborn child, he now, a man,  
 Thrice competent to suffer, felt afresh,  
 To cruel truth re-born, a naked soul.  
 Now he had eyes to see and ears to hear,  
 And knew at last he was alone : the sky  
 Absorbed he saw, the earth with absent face,  
 The water murmuring only to the reeds,  
 Unconscious rock, and sun-contented sand.  
 And even as within him keener rose

Longing unloosed, so much the heavier grew  
The intensity of solitude around.

Melancholy had planned her palace here.  
Dead columns, to support the burning sky,  
For living senses insupportable,  
She made, and ample barrenness, wherein  
To ponder of defeated spirits, quenched  
Desire, o'ertaken hope, courage undone,  
Implored oblivion, and rejected joy :  
Nor this alone, but idleness so vast  
As even the stormiest enterprise becalmed,  
Till it was trivial to advance one foot  
Beyond the other ; rashness to provoke  
An echo, where if ever man could laugh,  
Laughter had seemed the end of vanity,  
Were not a vanity more vain in tears.  
For from the blown dust to the extremest hills,  
Audible silence, that sustained despair,  
A ceiling over all immovable,  
Presided ; and the desert, nourishing  
That silence, listened, jealous of a sound  
Younger than her unageing solitude ;  
The desert, that was old when earth was young.

Wailing into the silence, that rang back  
A wounded cry, to the unhearkening ear  
Of the austere ravines perhaps not strange,  
The youth in that vain region stood, and cast  
Hither and thither seeking, his sad eyes.

Out of the dreadful light to his dim cell  
 He fled for refuge. Here he had possessed  
 Joy, for a brief space, here She looked on him,  
 Here had her heart beat in her bosom close  
 Against his own. Her voice was in his ear ;  
 And suddenly his soul was quieted.

Surely the visitation of such spirits  
 Comes not of chance, he murmured, but of truth.  
 Surely this was the shadow of some light  
 That shines, the odour of some flower that blooms,  
 And far off mid the great world dwells in flesh  
 That blissful spirit, and bears a human name.  
 If she be far, yet have I all my days  
 For seeking, and no other joy on earth :  
 I will arise, and seek her through the world.

With this resolve impassioned and inspired,  
 His thoughts were bright, and his hot bosom calmed.  
 Sweet was it to behold that radiant goal,  
 Though far, and hazardous and wide the way.  
 The greatness of his quest found answer in him  
 Of greatness, and the thousand teasing cares  
 That swarm upon perplexity, flew off.  
 Gladly against his journey he prepared  
 His pilgrim's need, and laid him down and slept,  
 And ere the dawn with scrip and staff arose.

Now at his door, irrevocably free,  
 Before the unknown world, spread dim and vast,



He stood and pondered, gazing forth, which way  
To follow, and what distant city or vale  
Held his desire ; but pondering he was drawn  
Forth by some secret impulse ; he obeyed,  
Not doubting ; toward the places of his youth  
He turned his face, toward the high mountain slopes  
Of the dim west, and Antioch and the sea.  
Up the long valley, by the glimmering stream  
He went ; and over him the stars grew pale.  
Cliffs upon either hand in darkness plunged  
Built up a shadow ; but far off, in front,  
Invaded by the first uncertain beam,  
Mountain on mountain like a cloud arose.  
He seemed ascending some old Titan stair,  
That led up to the sky by great degrees,  
In the vast dawn ; he journeyed eagerly,  
Foot keeping pace with thought ; for his full heart  
Tarried not, but was with its happy goal,  
One face, one form, one vision, one desire.

Due onward over the unending hills  
He held his way, and the warm morning sprang  
Behind him, and a less impatient speed  
Drove his feet onward. In the midday heat  
He rested weary ; and relaxing thought,  
Had leisure to perceive where he had come.

Burning beneath the solitary noon  
All round him rose, rock upon rock o'erhung,  
A fiery silence : undefended now



By clouding grief, nor in illusion armed,  
 He to the heavy lure all open lay  
 That from this mortal desolation breathed.  
 Out of his heart he sought to summon up  
 The vision, but it fled before his thought.  
 Only the hot blank everywhere opposed  
 His spirit, and the silent mountain wall.  
 Like one, on whom the fear of blindness comes,  
 For whom the sun begins to fall from heaven,  
 And the ground darkens, he rose up and fled,  
 Grasping his staff; and fearful now to pause  
 In that death-breathing region, onward ran.

Yet was not peril past. He had not come  
 Far, when his agitated eyes beheld,  
 Amid the uneven crumbling ground, a stone  
 Square-hewn and edgeways fallen; and he knew  
 That he had come where men long since had been.  
 And as he lifted up his eyes, all round  
 Were massy granite pillars half o'erthrown,  
 Propping the air; and yellow marble shone,  
 Dimly inscribed, fragments of maimed renown.  
 Over the ruined region he stole on,  
 Threading the interrupted clue of roads  
 That led all to oblivion, trenches choked  
 With weed, and old mounds heaped on idle gold.  
 And now Porphyriorion paused, inhaling fast  
 Odours of buried fame: as in a dream,  
 All that remote dead city and her brisk streets,  
 Repeopled and for mountain battle armed,

He apprehended. The deep wave of time  
Subsiding, had disclosed englutted wrecks,  
Which now so long slept idle, that they seemed  
To emulate the agelessness of earth ;  
Did not the fondness of mortality  
Still haunt them, and a kind of youth forlorn,  
As if the Desert their brief fable, man,  
Indulging from austerest indolence,  
Forbore a just disdain.

Porphyryon,

With beating pulses, and with running blood,  
Alone on ashes perishably breathed.  
As he who treads the uncertain lava fears  
Each moment that his rash foot may awaken  
Fire from beneath him, from that sepulchre  
Of smouldering ages fearfully he fled.  
And sometimes he looked backward, lest his feet  
Startle a shadowy population up  
In the deserted sunlight, faces stern  
Of fleshless kings, to claim him for their own :  
So frail appeared the heaving of his breath,  
So brief his pace, so idle his desire.

At last beyond the scarred gray walls he came,  
And gladly found the savage rock once more  
Beneath him, nor yet dared to rest or pause,  
But onward pressed, over the winding sides  
Of pathless valleys, where an echoing stream  
Ran far below ; and ridges desolate  
He climbed, and under precipices huge

And down the infinite spread slopes made way.  
The eagle steering in the upper winds,  
As, balanced out of sight, his eye surveyed  
From white Palmyra to Damascus, flushed  
Among faint-shining streams, saw him afar  
Journey a shadow never wearying  
From hour to hour: until at last the hills  
Less steep opposed him, toward the distant plains  
Declining in great uplands dimly rolled.  
Here were few stubborn trees, by sunset now  
With sullen glory lighted rich, till night  
Rose in the east, and hooded the bare world.

Porphyrion had ascended a last ridge  
Of many, and his eyes gazed out afar  
On boundless country darkening; he lay down  
At last, full weary: the keen foreign air  
Filled his delighted nostril: and his heart  
Was soothed. As on a troubled mere at night  
Wind ceases, and the gentle evening brings  
Beauty to that vexed mirror, and all fresh  
In perfect images the lost returns;  
Serenely in his bosom rose anew  
The vision: somewhere in that distant world,  
He mused, is she; and there is all my joy.

But evening now before his gazing eyes  
Receded dim, until the whole wide earth  
Appeared a cloud. Then in the gloom a dread  
Came whispering, and hope faltered in his breast:

O if the great world be but fantasy  
Raised by the deep enchantment of desire,  
And melt before my coming like a cloud!  
Parleying with the ghost of fear, yet still  
Cherishing his thought's treasure, he resigned  
His senses to the huge and empty night,  
When on the infinite horizon, lo!  
Sending a herald clearness, upward stole  
Tranquil and vast, over the world, the moon.

Delicately as when a sculptor charms  
The ignorant clay to liberate his dream,  
Out of the yielding dark with subtle ray  
And imperceptible touch she moulded hill  
And valley, beauteous undulation mild,  
Inlaid with silver estuary and stream,  
Until her solid world created shines  
Before her, and the hearts of men with peace,  
That is not theirs, disquiets : peopled now  
Is her dominion ; she in far-off towns  
Has lighted clear a long-awaited lamp  
For many a lover, or set an end to toil,  
Or terribly invokes the brazen lip  
Of trumpets blown to Fate, where men besieged  
For desperate sally buckle their bright arms.  
All these, that the cheered wanderer on his height  
In fancy sees, the lover's secret kiss,  
The mirth-flushed faces thronging through the streets,  
And ships upon the glimmering wave, and flowers  
In sleeping gardens, and encounters fierce,

And revellers with lifted cups, and men  
In prison bowed, that move not for their chains,  
And sacred faces of the newly dead ;  
All with a mystery of gentle light  
She visits, and in her deep charm includes.

## BOOK III.

DAWN in the ancient heavens over the earth  
Shone up ; but in Porphyrion's bosom rose  
A brighter dawn : the early ray that touched  
His slumber, woke the new, unfathomed need,  
Fallen from radiant night into his soul,  
That thirsted still for beauty ; for that joy  
Beyond possession, ever flying far  
From our dim utterance, beauty causing tears.

He stretched his arms out to the golden sun,  
His glorious kin, impetuously glad,  
And with ærial morning journeyed on  
O'er valley and o'er hill.

The second dawn  
Found him far-travelled over pastoral lands,  
Where from the shepherds' lonely huts a smoke  
Went up, or some white shrine gleamed on a height.  
Soon the dark ranging and unchanging pines  
Yielded to ash and chestnut ; O how fair  
Their perishable leaf ! Porphyrion knew  
That some great city neared him, and his pace  
Grew eager, climbing a soft-crested hill  
In expectation ; yet all unprepared

At last upon his eye the prospect broke,  
Dawning serene, and endlessly unrolled.

There lay the city, there embodied hope  
Rose to outmatch desire : he cried aloud,  
Taken with joy so irresistible,  
That he must seize a sapling by the stem  
To uphold him, and in ardent silence gazed.  
Solitary heaven, strown with vast white clouds,  
Moved toward him over the abounding land ;  
A land of showers, a land of quivering trees,  
A land of youth, lovely and full of sap,  
Upon whose border trembled the wide sea.  
Young were the branches round him, in fresh leaf  
Luminously shaded ; the arriving winds  
Broke over him in soft ærial surge ;  
For him the grass was glittering, the far cloud  
Loosened her faltering tresses of dim rain,  
And broad Orontes interrupted shone.  
But mid that radiant amphitheatre  
He saw but the far city : thither ran  
His gaze, and rested on her, in a bloom  
Of distant air apparelled, while his heart  
Beat at the thought of what she held for him.  
Bright Antioch ! From the endless ocean wave  
Gliding the sunbeam broke upon her towers,  
A moment gleaming white, then into shade  
Withdrawn, until she seemed a thing of breath,  
Created fair, from whose far roofs arose  
Soft, like an exhalation, human joy.



Clear as a pool to plunge in, seemed the world  
This blissful morn, to him that thither gazed,  
Wondering, until unconscious tears were wet  
Upon his flushing cheek, while he sent forth  
His eager thoughts flying to that sweet goal,  
And conjuring wishes waved unknown delight  
To come to him. Already in dream arrived,  
Close to his ear the hum of those far streets  
He hears ; already sees the busy crowd  
Pass and repass, with laughter and with cries.  
Meeting him, children hand in hand from school  
Gleefully run, and old men, slow of step,  
Approach ; the mason, pausing from his toil  
Under the plank's cool shadow, looks at him,  
Or, with a negligent wonder glancing down,  
Beautiful faces ; O, perhaps the face  
That to his fate he follows through the world.  
That deepest hope, too dear to muse upon,  
A moment filled him with a thrilling light :  
And as a bird, alighting on a reed  
Sprung straight and slender from a lonely stream,  
Some idle morning, delicately sways  
The mirrored stem, and sings for perfect joy ;  
So musical, alighted young desire  
Upon his heart, that trembled like the reed.

Down from that height, over delicious grass,  
Amid the rocks, amid the trees, he sped.  
The browsing sheep upstart in the sun,  
Scared by his coming ; he ran on, and tore



A fresh leaf in his mouth, or sang aloud  
Out of his happy heart ; such keen delight  
His eye was treasuring, that welcomed all  
The variable blooms in the high grass,  
Borage and mullein and the rust-red plume  
Of sorrel, and the sprinkled daisies white.  
Even the sap in the young bough he felt  
Reach warmly up to the inviting sun,  
As if his own blood by the spring renewed  
Were theirs, and budding leaves within his breast.

At last, ere he perceived it, he was close  
Upon the city walls : through shading boughs  
Across a valley they rose populous  
With crowding towers and roofs of distant hum.  
Then in the midst of joy he was afraid.  
So close to him the richness he desired  
Dismayed his spirit, that to doubt and fear  
Recoiling fell. Not yet will I go up,  
He thought ; but when the dark comes, I will go.  
Even as his purpose was relaxed, his limbs  
To sudden heaviness surrendered : down  
He laid him in sweet grass beside a pool,  
Under a chestnut, opposite a grove  
Of cypress ; and at once sleep fell on him :  
Deep sleep, that into dark unfathomed wells  
Plunges the spirit, and with ignorance lost  
Acquaints, and inaccessible delight,  
And unborn beauty.

But meanwhile the noon

Had ripened and grown pale in the soft sky.  
A gentle rain fell as the light declined ;  
And, the drops ceasing, an unprisoned beam  
Out of a cloud flowed trembling o'er the grove,  
And ran beside long shadows of the stems,  
And lighted the dark underleaves, and touched  
The sleeper : suddenly his cheek was warm :  
He stirred an arm, and unrelaxing, sighed ;  
And now, through crimsoned eyelids, on his brain  
The full sun burned ; to wonder he awoke.  
Green over him, in mystery o'erhung,  
Was dimness fluttered with a thousand rays ;  
Unfathomable green ; that living roof  
A single stem upbore, whose mighty swerve  
Upward he followed, till it branched abroad  
In heaven, and through the dark leaves shone remote,  
Smooth-molten splendour, the broad evening cloud.  
Porphyriorion upon his elbow leaned  
And hearkened, for the trembling air was hushed  
By hundred birds, praising the peaceful light  
Invisibly : a wet drop from the leaf  
Spilled glittering on his hand. Then he reclined  
Deep into joy, absolved out of himself,  
The while the wind brought to him light attired  
In fragrance, and the breathing stillness seemed  
Music asleep, too lovely to be stirred.

As thus he drew into his pining heart  
Such juices as make young the world, and feed  
The veins of spring ; as into one pure sense

Embodied, he was hearkening blissfully,  
A sound came to him wonderful, like pain,  
With such a sweetness edged. It was a voice,  
A happy voice : and toward it instantly  
The fibre of his flesh yearningly turned,  
Trembling as at a touch. Then he arose  
Troubled : he looked, and in the grove beyond  
That peaceful water, lo ! a little band  
Of youths and maidens under distant trees  
Departing : one looked backward ere she went ;  
And his heart cried within his breast, awaked  
Suddenly into blissful hope. Alas !  
With flutter of fair robes and mingled, gay,  
Faint laughter, down a bank out of his view  
They were all taken. Pierced with sudden loss,  
And kindled, like a wild, uncertain flame,  
Into a hundred joyful, wavering fears,  
He gazed upon the empty grove, the pool,  
And the light brimming over on fresh grass  
And lonely stems : but the bereaved bright scene  
No more rejoiced him. Now, to aid his wish,  
Swift night upon the fading west inclined :  
And he stole forward through the cypress gloom  
Toward Antioch. Halting on a neighbour brow,  
Afar off he beheld that company  
Even now under the dim gate entering in.  
He followed, and at last the darkened street  
Received him, wondering, back among his kind.

Was ever haven like the dream of it

In peril ? or did ever feet attain  
Their goal, but still a richer rose beyond ?  
It was a festal night : gay multitudes  
Came idly by, and no man noted him.  
His seeking gaze, hither and thither drawn,  
Roamed in a mirror of desires amazed,  
And found, yet wanted more than it could find.  
Beauty he felt around him brushing near,  
And joy in others seen ; but all to him,  
Without the vision that his soul required,  
Was idle : solitary was his heart,  
And full to breaking : yet, as wounds are dulled  
To the frail sense, he knew not yet his grief,  
For wonder clothed it ; through a veil he heard  
And saw.

Thus wandering aimlessly he found  
His feet upon a marble stair ; in face  
A porch rose ; issuing was a festal sound,  
That drew him onward out of the lone night.  
Halting upon the threshold he gazed in.

Pillars in lovely parallel sustained  
A roof of shadowed snow, enkindled warm  
From torches pedestalled in order bright ;  
Amid whose brilliance at a banquet sat,  
Crowned with sweet garlands, revellers, and cups  
Lifted in laughing, boisterous pledge, or gazed  
Earnest in joy, on their proud paramours.  
Pages, with noiseless tripping feet, had borne  
The feast aside ; and now the brimming wine

From frosted flagons blushed, and the spread board  
Showed the soft cheek of apricot, or glory  
Of orange burning from a dusk of leaves,  
Cloven pomegranates, brimmed with ruby cells,  
Great melons, purpling to the frosty core,  
And mountain strawberries. Beyond, less bright,  
Was hung mysterious magnificence  
Of tapestry, where, with ever-moving feet,  
A golden Triumph followed banners waved  
O'er captive arms, and slender trumpets blew  
To herald a calm hero charioted.

Just when a music, melted from above,  
Over the feasters flowed, and softly fixed  
The listening gaze, and stilled the idle hand,  
Porphyrior entered ; all those faces flushed,  
Lights, flowers and laughter, and the trembling wine,  
And hushing melody, and happy fume  
Of the clear torches burning Indian balm,  
Clouded his brain with sweetness, like a waft  
Of perished youth returned ; those wonders held  
His eyes, yet were as things he might not touch,  
And, if he stretched his hand out, they would fade.

Then he remembered whom he sought. A pang  
Disturbed him ; eager with bright eyes inspired,  
Through those that would have stayed his feet, he stole  
Nearer to bliss. They all regarded him  
Astonished ; in their joyful throng he seemed  
An apparition : darkly the long hair

Hung on his shoulders, and his form was frail.  
Some cried, then all were silent ; a strange want  
Woke in their sated breasts, and wonder dread  
Troubled them, whence had come and what required  
This messenger unknown. But he passed on,  
And in each woman's face with questioning gaze,  
Dazzled by nearer splendour, looked, and sought,  
Doubtful.

Already one, whose arm was laid  
Around the shoulder of her paramour,  
Stayed him, so deep into his heart she looked,  
Biting her pearly necklace : in her robe  
Was moonlight shivering over purple seas.  
Encountering, their spirits parleyed : then  
Unwillingly he drew his eyes away.  
Another, clothed as in the fiery bloom  
Of cloud at evening changing o'er the sun,  
Backward reclining, under lids half-closed  
Gazed, and a moment held him at her feet :  
Until at last one turned and dazzled him,  
Of whose attire he knew not, so her face  
With sun-like glory drew him : he approached ;  
And she, presiding beauteous and adored  
Queen of that perfumed feast, beckoned him on.  
Her bosom heaved ; the music from her ears  
Faded, and from her sated sense the glow  
Of empty mirth : far lovelier were in him  
Sorrow and youth and wonder and desire.  
Forward she leaned, and showed a vacant place  
By her, and he came near, and sat him down,

Charm-stricken also, whispering, Art thou she ?  
She said no word, but to his shining eyes  
Answered, and of the red pomegranate fruit  
Gave him to eat, and golden wine to drink,  
And with pale honeyed roses crowned his hair.  
All marvelled, and with murmur looked on him,  
As, high exalted over realms of joy,  
He sat in glory, and sweet incense breathed  
Of that dominion, riches in a cloud  
Descending, and before his feet prepared  
The world in bloom, and in his eyes the dream  
Of destiny excelled, and rushing thoughts  
Radiant, and beauty by his side enthroned.



## BOOK IV.

LOVE, the sweet nourishing sun of human kind,  
Who with unquenchable fire inhabitest  
Worlds, that would fall into that happy death  
Out of their course, were not their course so fixt ;  
Who from the dark soil drawest up the plant,  
And the sweet leaves out of the naked tree ;  
Whose ardent air to taste and to enjoy  
All flesh desire, even of bitter pangs  
Enamoured, so that this intenser breath  
They breathe, and one victorious moment taste  
Life perfect, over Fate and Time empowered ;  
Leave him not desolate, Love, who to thy glory  
Is dedicated, and for thee endures  
To look upon the dreadful grave of joy,  
Knowing the lost is lost ; comfort him now,  
Thy votary, who by the pale sea-shore  
In the young dawn paces uncomforted.  
Ah, might not sweet embraces have assuaged  
The fever which had burnt him, honeyed mouth  
And the close girdle of voluptuous arms ?  
Nor dimly fragrant hair have curtained him  
From memory ? Alas, too new he came  
From love, too recent from that ecstasy ;



And memory mocked him under the cold stars,  
With finished yet untasted pleasure sad.

Flying that fragrant lure, unhappy soul,  
By the dark shore he paces : and his eyes  
The dawn delights not, far off in the east  
Discovering the sleeping world, and men  
To all their tasks arousing, while she strews  
Neglected roses on the unchanging hills,  
And over the dim earth and wave unfolds  
Beauty, but not the beauty he desires.  
To her, to her, who in the desert touched  
His spirit, and unsealed his eyes, and showed  
Above a new earth a new sun, and brought  
His steps forth to this perilous rich world,  
Stirred with ineffable deep longing now  
He turned ; ev'n to behold her from afar,  
To touch the hem of her apparel, seemed  
Sweeter ten thousandfold than absolute  
Taste and possession of a lesser charm.

Where art thou ? cried he. Ah, dost thou behold  
My desolation and not come to me ?  
O ere my sick heart all delight refuse,  
Return, appear ! Or say in what far land  
Thou lingerest, that I may seek thee out  
And find thee, without whom I have no peace  
Nor joy, but wander aimless in a path  
Barren and undetermined o'er the world.  
Wilt not thou make thy voice upon the wind

Float hither, or in dew thy secret breathe  
To answer my entreaty ?

The still shore

Was echoless, unanswered that sad cry.  
Warm on the wave the Syrian morning stole.  
Out of suspended hazes the smooth sea  
Swelled into brilliance, and subsiding hushed  
The lonely shore with music : such a calm  
As vexes the full heart, inviting it,  
Flattered with sighing pause Porphyrion's ear.  
The sea hungered his spirit ; he could not lift  
His eyes from the arriving splendour calm  
Of those broad waters, to their solemn chime  
Setting his grief ; and gradually vast  
His longing opened to horizons wide  
As the round ocean ; deep as the deep sea  
His heart, and the unbounded earth his road.

That inward stream and dark necessity,  
Which drives us onward in the way of Time,  
Moved his uncertain hesitating soul  
Into its old course, and his feet set firm  
To tread their due path, seeking over earth  
The Wonder that made idle all things else.  
He raised his brow, inhaling the wide air ;  
And the wind rose, and his resolve was set.

Broad on the morrow hoisting to the sun  
Her sail, a ship out of the harbour stands  
Bearing Porphyrion, fervent to renew

His lonely pilgrimage ; to fate his way  
Committed, and to guiding beams of heaven ;  
And careless whither bound, so the remote  
Irradiated circle, ever fresh,  
Glittering into infinity, lead on.

Soon the bright water and keen kiss of the air  
His clouded courage cleared ; uprising wind  
Swelled the resisting sail, and the prow felt  
The supple press of water, cleaving it ;  
And the foam flashed and murmured ; hope again  
Rose tremulous to that music's buoyant note.  
Day pursued day on the blue deep, and shores  
Sprang up and faded : still his gaze was cast  
Forward, and followed that undying dream.

Standing at last above a harbour strange,  
Inland he bent, ever with questioning heart  
Expectant ; and through wilderness and town  
Journeyed all summer ; nor could autumn tame  
That urging fire ; nor mid the gliding leaves  
Of bare December could hope fall from him.

Ever a stranger roamed he, nor had thought  
To seek a home ; for him this vast desire  
Was home, that fed his spirit and sheltered him  
From care and time and the perplexing world.  
For not beside an earthly hearth he deemed  
To find her moving whom he sought, though fair  
With human limbs, and clothed in lovely flesh.

Rather some visitation swift and strange  
His soul awaited. When at evening's end  
He rested and each fostered secret wish  
Rose trembling ; when the dewy yellow moon  
Slowly on cypress gardens poured her light,  
And from the flowery gloom and whispering  
Of leaves, a hundred odours had released,  
Dimly he knew that she was wandering near,  
A blissful presence, scarce beyond the marge  
Of his veiled senses, in a world of beams.  
Or journeying through the wild forest, he saw  
Her passing robe pale mid the shadowy stems  
A moment shine before his quickened steps  
To leave him in the deep forsaken gloom  
Pining with throbbing breast and desolate eyes ;  
And once in the thronged market at hot noon  
Heard his name spoken, and looked round on air.

So visited, so haunted, he was led  
Onward through many a city of the plain  
Till vaster grew the silence, and far off  
The noise of men ; and he began to climb  
Pastoral hills that into mountains rose  
Skyward, with shelving ridges sloped between,  
Long days apart.

And as he wound his way  
Thither, from crested town to town, he heard  
Rumours of war all round him, men in arms  
Saw glittering in winding files, and waved  
Banners, and trumpets blown. But all to him

Was distant, borne from a far alien world  
Where men in ignorant vain deeds embroiled  
Lost the treasure of earth and all their soul.  
Onward he kept his course, nor recked of them,  
Riding the solitary forest ways.

And now again it was the time of birth,  
When the young year arises in the woods  
From sleep, and tender leaves, and the first flower.  
Old thoughts were stirring in Porphyrion's breast,  
And old desires, like old wounds, flowed anew.  
It was that hour of hesitating spring  
When with expanded buds and widened heaven  
The heart swells into sadness, wanting joy  
More ample, and unnumbered longings reach  
Into a void, as tendrils into air.  
O now as never seemed he to have need  
Of his beloved, to be with her at last,  
To see her and embrace her with his arms,  
And in her bosom find perpetual peace.  
Scarcely aware of the bright leaves around  
His path, and heedless of his way, he rode  
With bridle slack and forward absent eyes,  
When piercing his deep dream a groaning cry  
Smote on him ; he stayed still and from his horse  
Dismounted, and the rough briar pushed aside.

Hard by the path, amid the trodden grass  
And bloody brambles, lay a wounded man.  
Friend, fetch me water, groaned he, for I die.

The spring is near, and I have crawled thus far  
But get no farther, struggle how I may.  
Quickly Porphyrion ran to where the spring  
Gushed bubbling, and fetched water, and came back.  
The dying man drank deep, and having drunk  
Half rose upon his arm, and eager asked :

How went the battle ? have we won or lost ?  
I know not whether thou be friend or foe,  
But quick, tell me ! I faint.

What sayest thou  
Of battles ? said Porphyrion ; I know not  
Of what thou speakest, and I fight for none.

Faintly the other with upbraiding eyes  
Regarding him, made answer. Art thou young  
And is the blood warm in thy body, and yet  
Thou wanderest idle ? But perhaps thy hand  
Knows not the sword, nor thou the ways of men ?

Then kindled at his heart Porphyrion spoke.

I have no need of fighting, yet my hand  
Knows the sword, and my youth was trained in arms.

Take then this blade, and bind my armour on.  
For over yonder hill I think even now  
They fight ; there is our camp ; ah, bid them come  
And bury Orophernes where he fell !

Even with the word he sank back and expired,  
Youthful amid the soft green leaves of spring,

That over his pale cheek and purple lips  
Waved shadowing.

Nearer than his inmost thought  
Was then the silence to Porphyrior's heart,  
As heavily he rode, bearing the sword  
For token, and the helmet on his brows.  
He sought for his old thoughts and found them not.  
Even as when the sudden thunder breaks  
A brooding sky, and the air chills, and strange  
The altered landscape shines in a cold light  
And they that loitered hasten on, and oft  
Shiver in the untimely falling eve,  
So now on this irruption of the world  
Followed a sadness, and his thoughts were changed  
And yearning chilled. How idle seemed his hope,  
How infinite his quest ! Before his mind  
Life spread deserted, vacant as a mist.

So mournful rode he ; when beyond a hill,  
Whose height, with hanging forest interposed,  
Shut off the sun, he came into the light  
Over against a valley broad that sloped  
Before him ; and at once burst on him full  
All the glory of war and sounding arms.  
He thought no more, but gazed and gazed again.

Dark in the middle of the plain beneath  
An army moved against a city towered  
Upon a distant eminence : even now  
From the gate issued troops, with others joined



New-come to aid them, and together ranked  
Stood to encounter stern the foes' assault.  
These upon either wing had clouded horse  
In squadrons, chafing like a river curbed  
By the firm wind that meets it ; crest and hoof  
Shone restless as the white wind-thwarted waves.

Lonely and loud a sudden trumpet blew ;  
And fierce a score of brazen throats replied.  
The sound redoubled in Porphyrior's soul  
And forward drew him ; he remembered now  
His errand. In that instant the ripe war  
Broke like a tempest ; the great squadrons loosed  
Shot forward glittering, like a splendid wave  
That rises out of shapeless gloom, a form  
Massy with dancing crest, threatening and huge,  
And effortlessly irresistible  
Bursts on the black rocks turbulently abroad,  
Falling, and roaring, and re-echoing far.  
So rushed that ordered fury of steeds and spears  
Under an arch of arrows hailing dark  
Against the stubborn foe : they from the slope  
Swept onward opposite with clang as fierce :  
Afar, pale women from the wall looked down.

Porphyrior saw : he was a spirit changed.  
He hearkened not to memory, hope or fear,  
But cast them from him violently, and swift  
To fuse in this fierce impulse all regret,  
To woo annihilation, or to plunge



At least in fiery action his unused  
Vain life, and in that burning furnace melt  
The idle vessel and re-mould it new,  
Spurred his horse on into the very midst,  
And loud the streaming battle swallowed him.

Just on that instant when the meeting shock  
Tumultuously clashed, and cries were mixt  
With glitter of blades whirled like spirted spray,  
He came: and as the thundering ranks recoiled,  
They saw him, solitary, flushed and young,  
A radiant ghost in the dead hero's arms.

Amazement smote them; in that pause he rode  
Forward; and shouting Orophernes' name  
Jubilant the swayed host came after him.  
Iron on iron gnashed: Porphyrion smote  
Unwearied; the bright peril stilled his brain,  
The terrible joy inspired him: by his side  
Vaunting, young men over their ready graves  
Were rushing glorious: many as they rushed  
Drank violent draughts of darkness unawares,  
And swiftly fell; but he uninjured fought.  
Easily as men conquer in a dream  
He passed through splintered spears, opposing shields  
And shouting faces, and wild cries, and blood;  
Till now a hedge of battle bristling sprang  
All round him, and no way appeared, and dark  
This way and that the rocking weight of war  
Swung heavy, shields and lances interclasped.

He in his heart felt hungrier the flame  
Burning for desolation, and he flushed,  
Sanguine of death ; the sudden starting blood  
Inflamed him, drunk as with a mighty wine.  
And on an instant terror from the air  
Upon the foemen fell ; from heart to heart  
As in mysterious mirrors flashed ; afar  
Triumphing cries rose all at once, and death  
Shone dazzling in their eyes, and they were lost.

Then on them rushed the victors glorying.  
Shaken abroad the battle fiercely flowed,  
Wild-scattering sudden as quicksilver stream  
Spilled in a thousand drops ; the electric air  
Pulsed with the vehemence of strong bodies hurled  
In mad pursuit, till yielding or in flight  
Or fallen, the defeated armies ran  
Broken, and on the wall the women wailed.

Then to their camp the victors came, and all  
Followed Porphyron wondering, and acclaimed  
His triumph : he in an exultant dream  
Still moved, and had no thought, but from the lips  
Of bearded captains, as around their fires  
That night they told of old heroic deeds,  
Heard his own praise, and feasted, and afar  
Drank, like an ocean wind, the air of fame.

## BOOK V.

MEANWHILE in the surrendered city, night  
Went heavy, not in feasting nor in sleep.  
Proud in submission were those stubborn hearts,  
And nursed through darkness thoughts of far revenge,  
Mixt with the glory of their courage vain.  
And now as the first beam revisited  
Their sorrow, and to each his neighbour's face  
Disclosed, they stood at leisure to perceive  
How grimly famine on their limbs had wrought,  
And on their wasted cheeks and temples worn ;  
And from their eyes shone desolated fire,  
Inflexible resolve unstrung in the end.  
They saw the sentinels with haughty pace  
Trample the thresholds of their homes, and watched  
In melancholy indolence all day  
Soldiers upon their errands come and go.

At evening afar off a bugle blew,  
Sounding humiliation and despair  
To them, but triumph to their conquering foes,  
Who now in bright magnificence arrayed  
Their hosts to enter the dejected walls.  
Feigning indifference, each man to his door

Came forth ; beneath the battlemented arch  
Too soon detested ensign and proud plume  
They saw ; the broad flag streaming to the air  
Fresh flowered purples, like a summer field,  
The trumpets blown, the thousand upright spears  
Shining, and drums and ordered trampling feet.

But in the van of these battalions stern  
All wondered to behold a single youth,  
Riding unhelmeted with ardent mien,  
And all about him casting his bright eyes.  
Up through the thronged street triumphing he rode.  
But as he passed, his radiant look, that seemed  
From some far glory to have taken light,  
Shining among dark faces, suffered change.  
Nothing on either side but hate or woe,  
Defiant or averted, sullen youth  
And wasted age, all misery, smote his gaze.  
As the sun's splendour leaves a mountain peak  
Sinking into the west, and ashy pale  
Leaves it, the sadder from that former glow,  
So from Porphyryon's face the glory ebbed,  
His eye grew dim, and pain altered his brow.

At last that conquering army, with the night,  
Possessed the city ; and a hum arose  
Like busy noise of settling bees ; and fires,  
Kindled, shed broad into the gloom a blaze ;  
And there were sounds of feasting and loud mirth,  
And riot late, until by slow degrees

Returned darkness and silence, and all slept.

Only Porphyrion slept not : on his bed,  
Turning from lamentable thoughts in vain,  
He lay. But in that stillest hour, when first  
Stars fade, and mist arises, and air chills,  
Quite wearied out with toil and war within,  
Slumber at length fell on him ; but not peace.  
Scarce had he wandered in the ways of sleep  
Some moments, when before his feet appeared,  
Solemn and in the bright attire of dreams,  
She whom his waking soul so many days,  
So many months, had followed still in vain,  
His dearest unattainable desire.

But now she looked into his face, and saw  
His grief, and met him with reproachful eyes.

What dost thou here, Porphyrion ? Her grave voice  
Was musical with sorrow. Faintest thou  
In seeking me, thy joy, tired of the way  
Because the hour is not yet come to find ?  
Dost thou forget what in thy desert cell  
I warned thee to be perilous on thy path,  
Luring of loud distraction, and delay,  
The vastness of the world and thy frail heart ?  
Seek on, faint not, prove all things till thou find ;  
And still take comfort ; where thou art, I am.

Her voice, that trembled in the dreamer's soul  
From some celestial distance, like a breeze,  
Ended : the brightness went, and he awoke.

And lo, the placid colours of the dawn  
Were stealing in : he rose, and came without.

Ah, now, sweet vision, O my perfect light,  
I come to thee, my love, my only truth !  
It was not I, but some false clouding self  
That fell bewildered in this erring way ;  
Or an oblivion rose from underground  
To blind me ; but this place of grief and blood  
I leave, to follow thee for evermore.

Full of this fervent prayer, through the dim street  
He went : the stillness hearkened at his heels.  
Now as he passed, in chilly waftings fresh  
He scented the far morning : the blue night  
Thinned, and all pale things were disclosed ; and now  
Even in his earnest pace he could not choose  
But pause a moment ; for all round he saw  
Faces and forms lying in shadowy sleep  
Within dark porches, and by sheltering walls,  
And under giant temple-colonnades,  
Utterly wearied. Some in armour lay  
Dewy, with forehead upturned to the dawn ;  
And some against a pillar leaned, with hands  
Open and head thrown back ; an ancient pair  
With fingers clasping slumbered, by whose side  
A bearded warrior moved in his dark dream  
Exclaiming fiercely ; and a mother pressed  
Her baby closer, even in her sleep.  
He gazed upon them by a charm detained.

For heavy over all their slumber weighed ;  
 And if one lifted voice or arm, it was  
 As plants that in deep water idly stir  
 And then are still : so these, bodies entranced,  
 Lay under soft oblivion deeply drowned.  
 But, as they slept, the light stole over them  
 By pale degrees, and each unconscious soul  
 Yielded his secret : with the hues of dawn  
 Into that calm of faces floated up  
 Out of their living and profound abyss  
 What thoughts, what dreams, what terrors, what dumb  
     wails !

What gleams of ever-burning funeral fires  
 On haunted deserts where delight had been !  
 Glories, and dying memories, and desires !  
 What sighs, that like a piercing odour rose  
 From the long pain of love, what beauty strange  
 Of joy, and sweetness unreleased, and strength  
 Fatally strong to bear immortal woe,  
 And anguish darkly sepulchred in peace.

Porphyryion gazed, and as he gazed, he wept.  
 For he beheld how in those spirits frail,  
 Slept also passions mightier than themselves,  
 Waiting to rend and toss them ; tiger thoughts,  
 Ecstasies, hungers, and disastrous loves,  
 Violent as storms that sleep under the wave,  
 Vast longings cruelly in flesh confined,  
 And wrecking winds of madness and of doom.  
 He trembled ; yet as knowledge, even of things



Terrible, hath power to calm and to sustain,  
His soul endured that truth, and to its depth  
Feared not to plunge. Now he began to love,  
And to be sorrowful with a new sorrow.

What have I done, he sighed, what have I lost,  
My brothers, that I have no part in you?  
Yet am I of your flesh and you of mine.  
Sleep for this hour hath separated you  
From one another, but from me for ever.  
O that I could delay with you, and bear  
Your lot! or with enchanting wand have power  
To raise you out of slumber into peace!  
To be entwined and rooted in that life  
Which brings you want of one another, pain  
Borne not alone, and all that human joy,  
How sweet it were to me! O you of whom,  
When you awaken, others will have need,  
I envy you those trusting eyes, and hands  
Put forth for help: I envy all your grief.  
But I am all made of untimeliness.  
Necessity drives on my soul to pass  
Another way; my errand is not here.  
Farewell, farewell, O happy, troubled hearts!

As a blind man who feels around him move  
The blest, who see, and fancies them embraced  
Or feasting in each other's joyous eyes;  
With such deep envy often he turned back,  
Even as he went, to those unconscious forms



That slumbered. But his spirit urged him on,  
With kindled heart and quickened feet : and now  
He neared the shadow of the city gate,  
And saw the mountains rise beyond, far off.

With longing he drew in the freshened air.  
But even at that moment he perceived,  
Standing before a doorway in the dawn,  
A solitary woman, motionless  
As cloud at evening piled in the pale east  
After retreating thunder : like the ash  
Of a spent flame her cheek, and in her eyes  
Deep-gazing, a great anguish lay becalmed.  
Coldly she looked on him, and calmly spoke  
In marble accent : Enter and behold  
What thou hast done !

He would have passed due on,  
Following his way resolved, but like a charm  
Beautiful sorrow in this grave regard  
Drew him aside. He entered and beheld.

Upon a bed, unstirring and supine,  
Lay an old man, so old that the live breath  
Seemed rather hovering over him, than warm  
Within his placid limbs ; yet had he strapped  
Ancient armour upon him, and unused  
A heavy sword lay by him on the ground.  
Dim was the room : a table in the midst  
Stood empty ; in the whole house all was bare.

Now when Porphyrion entered, and with him  
The woman, the old man nothing perceived :  
But at the sound a boy, that by the wall  
Was leaning, opened wide his painful eyes.  
Porphyrion with accusing heart beheld.  
Then to the woman turning, of their story  
He questioned : quietly she answered him.

We were four souls under a happy roof  
Until your armies came. Then was our need  
More cruel every day. When first our meat  
Grew scarce, we sat with feigning eyes and each  
The other shunned. I know not who thou art,  
But if thou takest pity upon pain,  
I pray that no necessity bring thee  
Hunger more dear than love. With me it was  
So that I dared not look upon my child  
Lest I should grudge him eat. To my old father,  
Whom age makes helpless as a child, my breast  
As to a child I gave : and I have stood  
Under the trees and cursed them that so slow  
They budded for our want : the buds we tore  
Ere they could grow to leaf. So passed our days.  
But worse the nights were, when sleep would not  
come  
For hunger, and the dreadful morn seemed sweet.  
And if thou wonder that I weep not now  
Recounting them, it is that I have borne  
What carries beyond grief.

She in her tale

Spoke nothing of her husband : he lay cold  
 Without the city fallen ; but as now  
 She ended, the returning thought of him  
 Absented her sad eyes. And suddenly  
 Her heart, of a strange tenderness aware,  
 Out of its heavy frost was melted : then  
 She bowed her head, and she let forth her tears.

You that have known that bitter wound, of all  
 The bitterest, since no courage brings it balm,  
 When silent all the misery of the world  
 Knocks at your door and you have empty hands,  
 You know what dart entered Porphyrion's breast,  
 As he beheld and heard.

But now the boy  
 Turning with restless body and parched lip  
 Sighed, Give me water ! I am so thirsty, mother,  
 I cannot fetch the breath into my throat.

Porphyrion filled a cup and gave to him.  
 Deeply he drank, closing his eyes, as bliss  
 Were in the cold fresh drops : unwillingly  
 His fingers from the cup relaxed ; and now  
 The mother spoke.

Yesterday on the walls  
 One of your arrows smote him, and the wound  
 Torments him. If thou wilt, make water warm,  
 I pray thee, and bind up his cruel hurt  
 Afresh ; for my hand trembles, I am weak.

So he made water warm, and washed the wound  
With careful tender hands, and ointment soft  
Laid on, and in sweet linen bound it up.  
Comforted then the boy put round his neck  
One arm, and sighing thanks, as a child will,  
With faltering hand caressed him. That fond touch  
Porphyryion endured not. Are men born  
So apt to misery, thought he, that even this  
Is worthy thanks? Yet his wrought heart attained  
Even in such slender spending of its love  
A little ease.

Now, said he, I must go,  
I must not longer tarry : for she calls,  
Whom I am vowed to follow and to find.  
But when he looked upon those three, they seemed  
To need him in their helplessness ; the child  
Divining, mutely prayed him : he resolved  
For that day to remain and then to go.

So all that day he tended them and went  
Abroad into the town, and brought them food,  
Bartering his share of spoil for meat and bread,  
And freshest fruit, and delicatest wine ;  
Nor marked he as he went the frowning eyes  
Of the stern soldiers, how they stood and watched  
Murmuring together, sullen and askance.  
As in a slumbering great city, snow  
With gentle foot comes muffling empty ways,  
Corners and alleys, and to the tardy dawn  
Faint the murmur of toil ascends, and dumb

The wheels roll, and the many feet go hushed,  
 So on his mind lay sorrow : hum of arms  
 And voices, all were soft to him and strange.

Day passed, and evening fell, and in that house  
 All slept ; and once again he would renew  
 His journey ; but once more his heart perplexed  
 Smote him, to leave them so : They have no friend,  
 He said, and who will tend them, if not I ?  
 The next day he abode, and with fond care  
 Ministered to their need, and still the next  
 Found him delaying and his own dim pain  
 Solacing sweetly ; for the old man now  
 By faint degrees returned to healthful warmth,  
 And grave with open eyes serenely looked  
 In a mild wonder on this unknown friend :  
 The mother, taxed no longer to endure  
 Even to her utmost strength, permitted calm  
 To her worn spirit, and her wasted limbs  
 Resigned into a happy weariness ;  
 And the child's hurt began to be appeased.

On the fourth morn Porphyryion arose,  
 And saw them all still laid in peaceful sleep.  
 Now, said he, will I go upon my quest,  
 Less troubled : they have need of me no more.  
 He turned to go, but in the early light  
 Still looked upon them, and his heart was full ;  
 And softly he unbarred the door, and seemed  
 Within his soul to see the whole great world

Await his coming, and its wounded breast  
Disclose, and all life radiantly unroll  
Her riches, opening to an endless end.

Filled with the power of that impassioned thought,  
Into the silence of the morning sun  
He came; and on a sudden was aware  
Of men about the entrance thronged; they set  
Their bright spears forward, and his path opposed.  
Astonished, he looked on them, and perceived  
The faces of those warriors he had brought  
Thither exulting, and in victory led;  
Yet on their faces he beheld his doom.  
He stood in that great moment greatly calm,  
Proudly confronting them, and cried aloud:

What murmur you against me? I for you  
Fought, and you triumphed. Have I asked of one  
A single boon? Soldiers, will you take arms  
Against your captain? Men, will you dare to strike  
A man unarmed? You answer not a word!  
Put up your swords; for now I will pass on  
To my own work, and as I came will go.

There was a stillness as he ceased, and none  
Answered, but none gave way. As when in heaven  
Clouds curdle, and the heavy thunder holds  
All things in stupor hushed, they stood constrained,  
Menacing and mistrustful; and their hearts  
Grew cruel: the uncomprehended light,  
That in Porphyrion shone and flushed his brow

With radiance, like the bright ambassador  
Come from an unknown power, tormented them ;  
And dark enchanting terror drove them on.  
Then one by stealth an arrow to his bow  
Fitted, and strung, and drew it, and the shaft  
Beside Porphyrion in the lintel stuck  
Quivering : and at once they fiercely cried.  
Like the loud drop that loosens the pent storm,  
That loosened arrow drew tempestuous hail  
From every bow : they lusted after blood,  
And put far from them pity : and he fell  
Before them. Yet astonished and dismayed,  
Those sacrificers saw the victim smile  
Triumphing and incredulous of death,  
Even in anguish : pang upon fresh pang  
Rekindled the lost light, the perished bloom  
Of memory, and he was lifted far  
In exaltation above death ; he drank  
Wine at the banquet, and the stormy thrill  
Of battle caught him, and he knew again  
The dart of love and the sweet wound of grief  
In one transfigured instant, that illumed  
And pierced him, as the arrows pierced his side.  
Then, mingling all those bright beams into one  
Full glory, dawned upon his dying sense  
She whom his feet followed through all the world  
Out of the waste, and over perilous paths,  
Dearer than breath and lovelier than desire.  
Like the first kiss of love recovered new  
Was the undreamed-of joy, that he in death



With the last ecstasy of living found,  
Tasted and touched, as she embraced his soul.  
Then the world perished: stretching forth his arms,  
Into the unknown vastness eagerly  
He went, and like a bridegroom to his bride.



LONDON VISIONS.



## THE FIRE.

WITH beckoning fingers bright  
In heaven uplifted, from the darkness wakes,  
Upon a sudden, radiant Fire,  
And out of slumber shakes  
Her wild hair to the night ;  
Bewitching all to run with hurried feet,  
And stand, and gaze upon her beauty dire.

For her the shrinking gloom  
Yields, and a place prepares ;  
An ample scene and a majestic room :  
Slowly the river bares  
His bank ; above, in endless tier,  
Glittering out of the night the windows come,  
To that bright summons ; and at last appear,  
Hovering, enkindled, and unearthly clear,  
Steeple, and tower, and the suspended dome.

But whence are these that haste  
So rapt ? what throngs along the street that press,  
Raised by enchantment from the midnight waste,  
That even now was sleeping echoless :  
Men without number, lured from near and far  
As by a world-portending star !

Lo, on the bright bank without interval  
Faces in murmuring line,  
With earnest eyes that shine,  
Across the stream gaze ever ; on the wall  
Faces ; and dense along the bridge's side  
Uncounted faces ; softly the wheels glide  
Approaching, lest they break the burning hush  
Of all that multitude aflush  
With secret strange desire.  
Warm in the great light, as themselves afire,  
Thousands are gazing, and all silently !  
How to the throbbing glare their hearts reply,  
As tossing upward a dim-sparkled plume,  
The beautiful swift Fury scares the sky.  
The stars look changed on high,  
And red the steeples waver from the gloom.  
Distantly clear over the water swells  
The roar : the iron stanchions dribble bright,  
And faltering with strong quiver to its fall,  
Drops, slowly rushing, the great outer wall.  
From lip to lip a wondering murmur goes,  
As crouching a dark moment o'er its prey,  
Swiftly again upleaps  
The wild flame, and exulting madly glows ;  
The city burns in an enchanted day.  
Still the great throng impassioned silence keeps,  
Like an adoring host in ecstasy.  
Did ever vision of the opened sky  
Entrance more deeply, or did ever voice  
Of a just wrath more terribly rejoice ?

The houseless beggar gazing has forgot  
His hunger : happy lovers' hands relax ;  
They look no more into each other's eyes.  
Wrapt in its mother's shawl  
The fretting child no longer cries.  
And that soul-piercing flame  
Melts out like wax  
The prosperous schemer's busy schemes :  
The reveller like a visionary gleams.  
An aged wandering pair lift up their heads  
Out of old memories : to each, to all,  
Time and the strong world are no more the same,  
But threatened, perishable, trembling, brief,  
Even as themselves, an instant might destroy,  
With all the builded weight of years and grief,  
All that old hope and pleasant usage dear.  
Glories and dooms before their eyes appear ;  
Upon their faces joy,  
Within their bosoms fear !

Is it that even now  
In all, O radiant Desolation, thou  
Far off prefigurest  
To each obscurely wounded breast  
The dream of what shall be ?  
And in their hearts they see  
Rushing in ardent ruin out of sight  
With all her splendour, with her streaming robe  
Of seas, and her pale peoples, the vast globe  
A sudden ember crumble into night ?

## MARTHA.

A WOMAN sat, with roses red  
Upon her lap before her spread,  
On that high bridge, whose parapet  
Wide over turbulent Thames is set,  
Between the dome's far glittering crest  
And those famed towers that throng the west.  
Neglectful of the summer air  
That on her pale brow stirred the hair,  
She sat with fond and troubled look,  
And in her hand the roses shook.  
Shy to her lips a bloom she laid,  
Then shrank as suddenly 'afraid :  
For from the breathing crimson leaf  
The sweetness came to her like grief.  
Dropping her hands, her eyes she raised,  
And on the hurrying passers gazed.  
Two children loitering along  
Amid that swift and busy throng,  
Their arms about each other's shoulder,  
The younger clinging to the older,  
Stopped, with their faces backward turned  
To her : the heart within her yearned.  
They were so young ! She looked away :

O, the whole earth was young to-day !  
The whole wide earth was laughing fair ;  
The flashing river, the soft air,  
The horses proud, the voices clear  
Of young men, frequent cry and cheer,  
All these were beautiful and free,  
Each with its joy : Alas, but she !  
She started up, and bowed her head,  
And gathering her roses fled.

Through dim, uncounted, silent days,  
She had trod deep-secluded ways ;  
Mid the fierce throng of jostling lives,  
Whom unrelenting hunger drives,  
Close to the wall had stolen by ;  
Yet could not shun Calamity.  
Her painful thrift, her patient face,  
Could not the world-old debt erase ;  
Nor gentle lips, nor feet that glide,  
Persuade the sudden blow aside.  
This morn, when she arose, her store,  
Trusted to others, was no more.  
No more avail her years of care.  
She must her bosom frail prepare,  
Exposed in her defenceless age,  
Against the world and fortune's rage.  
For bread, for bread, what must be done ?  
She stole forth in the morning sun.  
I will sell flowers, she thought : this way  
Seemed gentler to her first dismay.

Soon to the great flower-market, fair  
With watered leaves and scented air,  
She came: her seeking, timorous gaze  
Wandered about her in amaze.  
The arches hummed with cheerful sound ;  
Buyers and sellers thronged around :  
Lilies in virgin slumber stirred  
Hardly, the gold dust brightly blurred  
Upon their rich illumined snow,  
As the soft breezes come and go.  
From her smooth sheath, with ardent wings,  
Purple and gold, the iris springs ;  
Deep-umbered wall-flowers, dusk between  
The radiance and the odour keen  
Of jonquils, this sad woman's eyes  
And her o'erclouded soul surprise.  
But most the wine-red roses, deep  
In sunshine lying, warm asleep,  
Breathing perfume, drinking light  
Into their inmost bosoms bright,  
Seem fathomlessly to unfold  
A treasure of more price than gold.  
Martha, o'ercome by wonder new,  
Into her heart the crimson drew ;  
The colour burning on her cheek,  
She stood, in strange emotion weak.  
But she must buy. Her choice was made :  
Red rose upon red rose she laid,  
Lingering ; then hastened out, with eyes  
Bright, and her hands about the prize,



And quickened thought that nowhere aims.  
Soon, pausing above glittering Thames,  
She spreads the flowers upon her knees.  
Vast, many-windowed palaces  
Before her raised their scornful height  
And haughtily struck back the light.  
She scarcely marked them ; only bent  
Her fond gaze on the flowers, intent  
To bind them in gay bunches, drest  
So to allure the spoiler best.  
But now, as her caressing hand  
Each odorous gay nosegay planned,  
A new grief smote her to the heart :  
Must she from her sweet treasure part ?  
They seemed of her own blood. O no,  
I cannot shame my roses so :  
I will get bread some other way.  
So she shut out all thought. The day  
Was radiant ; and her soul, surprised  
To beauty, and the unsurmised  
Sweetness of life, itself reproved  
That had so little felt and loved !  
O now to love, if even a flower,  
To taste the sweet sun for an hour,  
Was better than the struggle vain,  
The dull, unprofitable pain,  
To find her useless body bread.  
Stricken with grievous joy, she fled.

She fled, but soon her pace grew faint.

She paused awhile, and easier went.  
Often, in spirits wrought, despair,  
Not less than joy, the end of care,  
A lightness feigns : for all is done,  
And certainty at last begun.

Martha, with impulse fresh recoiled  
From empty years, forlorn and soiled,  
Trembled to feel the radiant breeze  
Blowing from unknown living seas,  
And rising eager from long fast  
Drank in the wine of life at last.  
Now, as some lovely face went by,  
She noted it with yearning eye ;  
She joyed in the exultant course  
Of horses, and their rushing force.

At last, long wandering, she drew near  
Her home ; then fell on her a fear,  
A shadow from the coming Hours.  
By chance a hawker crying flowers  
His barrow pushed along the street,  
And the dull air with scent was sweet.  
As on her threshold Martha stood,  
A sudden thought surprised her blood.  
Quickly she entered, and the stair  
Ascended ; first with gentle care  
Cooled her tired roses : then a box  
Of little hoardings she unlocks,  
And brings her silver to the door  
And buys till she can buy no more.

Laden she enters : the drear room  
Glowd strangely ; the transfigured gloom  
Flowd over, prodigal in bloom.  
Her lonely supper now she spread ;  
But with her eyes she banqueted.  
Over the roofd in solemn flame  
The strong beam of the sunset came,  
And from the floor striking a glow  
Burned back upon the wall ; and lo !  
How deep, in double splendour dyed,  
Blushd the red roses glorified !  
When darkness dimmed them, Martha sighed.  
Yet still about the room she went  
Touching them, and the subtle scent  
Wandered into her soul, and brought  
All memories, yet stifled thought.  
As in her bed she lay, the flowers  
Haunted her through the midnight hourd :  
'Twixt her shut lids the colourd crept ;  
But wearied out, at last she slept.

Next morning she awoke in dread.  
O mad, O sinful me ! she said.  
What have I done ? how shall this end  
For me ? Alas, I have no friend.  
She strove to rise ; but in her brain  
A drowsy magic worked like pain.  
She sank back in a weak amaze  
Upon the pillow : then her gaze  
Fell on the roses ; she looked round,

And in the spell again was bound.  
The deep-hued blossoms standing by  
With serious beauty awed her eye ;  
Upward inscrutable they flamed :  
Of that mean fear she was ashamed.  
All day their fragrance in the sun  
Possessed her spirit : one by one,  
She pondered o'er them, dozing still  
And waking half against her will.  
Her body hungered, but her soul  
Was feasting ; gradually stole  
The evening shadow on her bed.  
She could no longer lift her head.  
Deep on her brain the flowers had wrought ;  
Now in the dim twilight her thought  
Put trembling on a strange attire,  
And blossomed in fantastic fire.  
She stretched her hand out in the gloom :  
It touched upon a living bloom.  
Thither she turned ; the deep perfume  
O'ercame her ; nearer and more near,  
And now her joy is in her fear,  
The lily hangs, the rose inclines,  
With incense that her soul entwines,  
Her inmost soul that dares not stir.  
The gentle flowers have need of her.  
Unpitying is their rich desire ;  
Her breath, her being they require.  
O she must yield ! She sinks far down,  
Conquered, listless, happy, down

Under wells of darkness, deep  
Into labyrinths of sleep,  
Perishing in sweetness dumb,  
By the close enfolding bloom  
To a sighing phantom kissed,  
Like a water into mist  
Melting, and extinguished quite  
In unfathomed odorous night.

At last, the brief stars paling, dawn  
Breathed from distant stream and lawn.  
The earliest bird with chirrup low  
Called his mates ; softly and slow  
The flowers their languid petals part,  
And open to the fragrant heart.  
And now the first fresh beam returned.  
Bright through the lily's edge it burned  
And filled the purple rose with fire,  
And brightened all their green attire,  
And woke a shadow on the wall.

But Martha slept, nor stirred at all.

## THE DRAY.

DIM through the darkened street  
The Dray comes, rolling an uneven thunder  
Of wheels and trampling feet ;  
The shaken windows stare in sleepy wonder.

Now through an open space,  
Where loitering groups about the tavern's fume  
Show many a sullen face  
And brawling figure in the lighted gloom,

It moves, a shadowy force  
Through misery triumphant : flushed, on high,  
Guiding his easy course,  
A giant sits, with indolent soft eye.

He turns not, that dim crowd  
Of listless forms beneath him to behold ;  
Shawled women with head bowed  
Flitting in hasty stealth, and children old :

Calm as some conqueror  
Rode through old Rome, nor heeded at his heel,  
Mid the proud spoils of war,  
What woeful captives thronged his chariot wheel.

## ELEONORA DUSE AS MAGDA.

THE theatre is still, and Duse speaks.  
What charm possesses all,  
And what a bloom let fall  
On parted lips, and eyes, and flushing cheeks !  
The flattering whisper and the trivial word  
No longer heard,  
The hearts of women listen, deeply stirred.  
For now to each those quivering accents seem  
A secret telling for her ear alone :  
The child sits wondering in a world foreknown,  
And the old nod their heads with springing tear,  
Confirming true that acted dream.  
And the soul of each to itself revealed  
Feels to the voice a voice reply,  
With a leaping wonder, a joy, a fear,  
It is I, it is I !  
But O what radiant mirror is this that dazzles me,  
That my dead rapture holds,  
That all my loss unfolds,  
That sets my longings free,  
My sighs renumbers, my old hope renews.  
I have lived in a sleep, I have tasted alien bread,

I have spoken the speech, and worn the robes of the  
dead ;

I have buried my heart away, and none believed.

But now, speak on, and my bonds untie :

At last, it is I, it is I !



## MIDSUMMER NOON.

AT her window gazes over the elms  
A girl; she looks on the branching green;  
But her eyes possess unfathomed realms,  
Her young hand holds her dreaming chin.

Drifted, the dazzling clouds ascend  
In indolent order, vast and slow,  
The great blue; softly their shadows send  
A clearness up from the wall below.

An old man houseless, leaning alone  
By the tree-girt fountain, only heeds  
The fall of the spray in the shine of the sun,  
And nothing possessing, nothing needs.

The square is heavy with silent bloom;  
The tardy wheels uncertain creep.  
Above, in a narrow sunlit room,  
The widower watches his child asleep.

## THE PARALYTIC.

HE stands where the young faces pass and throng ;  
His blank eyes tremble in the noonday sun :  
He sees all life, the lovely and the strong,  
Before him run.

Eager and swift, or grouped and loitering, they  
Follow their dreams, on busy errands sped,  
Planning delight and triumph ; but all day  
He shakes his head.

SONGS OF THE WORLD UNBORN.

Songs of the world unborn

Swelling within me, a shoot from the heart of Spring,  
As I walk the ample and teeming street  
This tranquil and misty morn,  
What is it to me you sing ?

My body warm, my brain clear,  
Unreasoning joy possesses my soul complete ;  
The keen air mettles my blood,  
And the pavement rings to my feet.

O houses erect and vast, O steeples proud,  
That soar serenely aloof,  
Vistas of railing and roof,  
Dim-seen in the delicate shroud of the frosty air,  
You are built but of shadow and cloud,  
I will come with the wind and blow,  
You shall melt, to be seen no longer, O phantoms fair.  
Embattled city, trampler of dreams,  
So long deluding, thou shalt delude no more ;  
The trembling heart thou haughtily spurnest,  
But thou from a dream art sprung,  
From a far-off vision of yore,  
To a dream, to a dream returnest.

## 80 SONGS OF THE WORLD UNBORN

Time, the tarrier,  
Time, the unshunnable,  
Stealing with patient rivers the mountainous lands,  
Or in turbulent fire upheaving,  
Who shifts for ever the sands,  
Who gently breaks the unbreakable barrier,  
Year upon year into broadening silence weaving,  
Time, O mighty and mightily peopled city,  
Time is busy with thee.  
Behold, the tall tower moulders in air,  
The staunch beam crumbles to earth,  
Pinnacles falter and fall,  
And the immemorial wall  
Melts, as a cloud is melted under the sun.  
Nor these alone, but alas,  
Things of diviner birth,  
Glories of men and women strong and fair,  
They too, alas, perpetually undone !  
As the green apparition of leaves  
Buds out in the smile of May ;  
As the red leaf smoulders away,  
That frozen Earth receives ;  
In all thy happy, in all thy desolate places,  
They spring, they glide,  
Unnumbered blooming and fading faces !  
O what shall abide ?

Aching desire, mutinous longing,  
Love, the divine rebel, the challenge of all,  
Faith, that the doubters doubted and wept her fall,

To an empty sepulchre thronging :  
These, the sap of the earth,  
Irresistibly sprung,  
In the blood of heroes running sweet,  
In the dream of the dreamers ever young,  
Supplanting the solid and vast delusions,  
Hearten the heart of the wronged to endure defeat,  
The forward-gazing eyes of the old sustain,  
Mighty in-perishing youth, and in endless birth,  
These remain.



# THE SUPPER.

A PROLOGUE.

*A rich youth invites a chance company of guests from the street—  
a blind beggar, a sandwich-man, a tramp, two women, and a thief,  
all fallen in the world: they are seated at supper in a sumptuous  
room.*



## THE SUPPER.

Host.

LINGER not, linger not, lift your glasses.  
Mirth shall come, as misery passes.  
Hark, how the mad wind blows his horn  
And hunts the laggards in streets forlorn !  
Hark, how fierce the winter rain  
Beats and streams on the window pane !  
Ill is it now for the houseless head,  
And for him that makes on the ground his bed.  
But we will forget in the warmth of the fire,  
And be glad, and taste of our heart's desire.  
Laugh old care and trouble down  
And toils and sad remembrance drown !  
All is yours ; all sorrow bury  
To-night, and with me for an hour be merry.

MADGE.

You are kind, sir.

Host.

O believe you not  
That it makes my joy to cheer your lot ?  
You see me, who have lived my days

In riches, pleasure, friendship, praise.  
I was not happy, I wanted more ;  
To-day I have found what I missed before.  
I have sought you and brought you from cold and rain ;  
Now I will raise you out of your pain.  
And you, old man, shall be young with me,  
Brisk and glad as you used to be ;  
And you, child, with your cheeks so white,  
Shall feel fresh blood in your pulse to-night.  
Linger not, linger not, eat your fill,  
Drink and be merry.

ALL.

We will, we will !

BLIND ROGER.

Set the glass in my hand. I'm blind and old,  
But still I shun to be left in the cold.

HOST.

Is it hard at the first to remember the way  
Of mirth, and be rid of the load of the day ?  
O, be not afraid to laugh and to smile.

AVERILL.

Our lips, it may be, are slow awhile,  
And our hearts unused to gaiety yet.  
But let us forget.

TONY.

Ay, let us forget.

MICHAEL.

That's easy, mates ; but that's the least.  
Now we're set to so rare a feast,  
I'm ripe and ready for all gay cheer,  
But the great wax lights, so soft and clear,  
Abash me, and make my eyes afraid.

HOST.

Wait but a moment, the dazzle will fade :  
Soon to your eyes will the light be as bloom,  
And your ears be filled with the peace of the room.  
Were the wind but quiet, instead of the toil  
And the traffic beneath, with its huge turmoil,  
You'd fancy the lonely fields around.

ANNIE.

'Tis soft and calm, but I miss the sound.

AVERILL.

O, it is sweet for an hour to be lulled,  
For an hour to be happy with senses dulled.

TONY.

Ah, ah, the silver, how it gleams !  
I have seen such glitterings in my dreams.

ROGER.

Long, long ago, when my eyes could see,  
Such sweet odours used to be.

MICHAEL.

What a fruit is this to melt in the mouth!

HOST.

I have a garden in the South.  
It brings me summer warm in frost,  
Glories fallen and odours lost.  
I love fresh roses in the snow ;  
I love them best when the leaves are low.

ANNIE.

What wonderful colours are these that burn  
In the red flower blushing beneath the fern.

MADGE

How cold are your hands, lass !

HOST.

Come to the fire.  
Come, let us heap the bright coal higher.  
Now the sparks fly.

MICHAEL.

The fire is good ;  
The blessed red flames warm my blood.  
Better this than the stars I saw  
Shine last night, where I lay on the straw,  
Through a chink in the roof of the mouldering shed.  
Ha, ha ! I thought it a famous bed,  
And slept like a prince in his palace till day,  
When the cursing farmer drove me away.

TONY.

Once I sat in as fine a room ;  
The host was away, but we were at home ;  
We drank his health in his own red wine.  
'Twas midnight when we sat to dine :  
We filled our bellies, and slept for a spin.  
And softly we laughed as the dawn came in.

MICHAEL.

Now we are merrier, now for a song.  
O, for some music to bear it along.

ROGER.

I once could sing my song with the best ;  
I rolled my voice up out of my chest.  
But the sap is dried in my bones : so you,  
That have voice and blood and all things new,  
Sing ; with the burden we'll all come in.

HOST.

Moisten your mouth then, ere you begin.  
I pledge you, friends. Your health ! and yours

MICHAEL.

May you be merry while breath endures.

TONY.

May you be merry, whatever befall.

## THE SUPPER.

ANNIE.

Good luck!

MADGE.

Good luck!

HOST.

Good luck to you all!

MICHAEL [*singing*].

Wander with me, wander with me :  
Care to the devil, be free, be free!  
Who but a fool would scrape and save,  
To heap up a molehill and live in a grave?

ROGER [*quavering*].

Wander with me, wander with me!

MICHAEL.

I saw the old landlord, the miser gray,  
Gather his greedy rents to-day.  
The old gray rat with fiery eyes,  
He stamped with his stick and he snuffed for a prize.  
Lord, how the starveling tenants shivered,  
And into his ravening claws delivered.  
Death pulls at his foot with a right good will;  
But he fleshes his teeth with a relish still.  
What prayers and excuses! I laughed to hear.  
I that owed nothing, had nothing to fear.

MADGE.

O men are cruel! I've seen them go  
And turn folks houseless into the snow.

MICHAEL [*singing*].

What rent pay I to the air and the sun?  
The days and the nights are mine, every one;  
When I've finished with one, there's another begun.  
Wander with me, wander with me,  
Care to the devil, be free, be free!

ALL.

Wander with me, wander with me!

MICHAEL.

Yes, I tell you, sir, I tell you, my friend,  
I drink your good luck, but be sure of the end.  
You never can tell you won't come to the cold,  
And the bed from under your body be sold.  
You smile at your ease; you pay no heed;  
You think to lay hands on all that you need,  
And still you go piling your riches high;  
But where is the use of it all, say I?

HOST.

Well said, my friend: you've a heart in your breast;  
And a brave heart beating is worth all the rest.  
Where is the use of it all? 'Tis true:  
But we walk in the way we're accustomed to.

## MICHAEL.

He with his riches, he dares not believe me !  
With banquets and couches he thinks to deceive me.  
Give me a glass of the bright stuff there ;  
And you, that sit so straight in your chair,  
What are you thinking so sadly of, yonder,  
You dreamer of dreams ? To be merry and wander  
Over the world, is it wiser, say,  
Than to sit and grow fat and let life slip away,  
Till your blood turns chill and your hair turns gray ?

## AVERILL.

I think I have wandered the whole earth round,  
An endless errand, nowhere bound.  
I look straight, and nothing see  
In the world, and no man looks on me.  
What have I with men to do ?  
I hear them laugh, as I pass them through  
In the street ; I feel them stop and stare  
At the boards that over my shoulder flare.  
What matters my ragged and grimy coat,  
My aching back, my parching throat ?  
I am a beacon to laughter and leisure ;  
I point all day the path to pleasure ! [ *A pause.*

## MADGE.

How strange we look in the mirror tall !  
It casts a brightness about us all.  
Here are we round a table set,  
And until this night we had never met !



ROGER.

Your mirth soon flags. When I was young,  
We'd have been merry the whole night long.

MICHAEL.

Ay, mates, we're wasting our pleasure. Drink!  
We came not here to be sad and to think.

MADGE.

'Tis all day toiling that clouds the head.

HOST.

What do you do for daily bread?

MADGE.

I sell my matches along the street.  
I see the young with nimble feet,  
The fair and the foolish, the feeble and old,  
That crawl along in the mire and the cold;  
And the sound is always in my ears.  
O the long, long crowding, trampling years,  
Since I was young and followed after  
The lights, the faces, the glee, the laughter!  
But now I watch them hurry and pass  
As I see you all now, there in the glass.  
Annie, so pale? What ails you, lass?

ANNIE.

I am faint, I am tired; but soon 'twill go—  
On the pavement I never felt it so;  
All is so strange here, I am afraid.

HOST.

Afraid? What grief, my girl, has made  
Such foolish fears come into your thought?  
We are all friends: and friends or not,  
None should harm you within these doors.  
Outside is the world that raves and roars.  
But you, I marvel how you, so slight,  
Endure alone so vast a fight.

ANNIE.

I know not how, but down in the street  
'Tis not so heavy a task to meet.  
A power beyond me bears me along,  
The faint with the eager, the weak with the strong.  
'Tis like an army with marching sound:  
I march, and my feet forget the ground.  
I have no thought, no wish, no fear;  
And the others are brave for me. But here,  
I know not why, I long to rest;  
I have an aching in my breast.  
O I am tired! how sweet 'twould be  
To yield, and to struggle no more, and be free!

MICHAEL.

Courage, lass, hold up your head;  
Never give in till its time to be dead.

HOST.

Nay, rest, if you will. Yet taste this wine,  
The cordial juice of a golden vine.

'Twill cheer your spirit, 'tis ripe and good,  
And it goes like sunshine into the blood.

MADGE.

Eat this fruit, too, that looks so rich,  
So smooth and rosy. Is it a peach?  
'Tis soft as the cheek of a child, I swear.

ANNIE [*absently*].

As the cheek of a child?

MICHAEL.

Come, never despair—  
But the sad man, what is he mumbling there?

AVERILL.

To the lost, to the fresh,  
To the sweet, to the vain,  
Turn again, Time,  
And bring me again.

I feel it from far  
Like the scent of a leaf;  
I see and I hear;  
It is joy, it is grief.

What have we done  
With our youth? with the flowers,  
With the breeze, with the sun,  
With the dream that was ours?

## THE SUPPER.

Our thoughts that blossomed  
Young and wet !  
What have we drunken  
Quite to forget ?

Where have we buried  
Our dead delight ?  
We could not endure it ;  
It shone too bright.

O it comes over me  
Keener than pain.  
All is yet possible  
Once, once again ! [ *A silence.*

ANNIE [*starting up*].

What am I doing ?  
Eating and drinking !  
I strangle, I choke  
With the pain of my thinking.  
He wants me, he cries for me,  
Somewhere, my boy,  
My baby, my own one joy.  
They said 'twas a sin to have borne him :  
My sin was to desert him.  
He that hung at my breast and trusted me,  
How had I heart to hurt him ?  
I must go, through the night, through the cold, through  
the rain,  
I must seek, I must toil, till I find him again.

HOST.

Stay, stay !

MADGE.

O Annie, how can you bear  
To tell your shame, where all can hear ?

ANNIE.

I wish that I were lying  
In my love's arms again.  
My body to him was precious  
As now it is worthless and vain.  
What matters to me what you say ? Let me go.  
But you, O why did you wake my woe ?  
I wanted not feasting, nor mirth, nor wine,  
Nor the things that I know shall never be mine,  
I wanted only to sleep and forget.

HOST.

She's gone.

MADGE.

The night's wild.

AVERILL.

Wild and wet !

TONY.

Hark, how the wind in the chimney hums.

H

AVERILL.

It beats and threatens like distant drums.

HOST.

Come to the fire. Fill once more  
Your glasses.

MICHAEL.

It is not now as before.  
The good drink tastes no longer well.

MADGE.

I am full of fears that I cannot tell.  
Why am I weak and lonely and old ?

ROGER.

Where is it gone ? I seemed to behold  
For a moment, but now, the blessed light.  
Alas, again it is black, black night !

TONY.

I once was loved by a lass, I see  
Her smile, I hear her calling to me.  
Could I feel her kiss on my mouth again—

ROGER.

O could I see for a moment plain !

MICHAEL.

I had a friend, he was dearer than brother,

I loved him as I loved none other.  
I struck him in drink ; he left me for ever.  
I shall grasp his hand again never, never !

AVERILL.

What have you done to us ? Why have you brought  
All sad thoughts that ever we thought,  
And this evil spell around us cast ?

MADGE.

We were all merry a moment past.

HOST.

What will you have, friends ? What shall I do  
For your comfort ? What shall I give to you ?

AVERILL.

My youth !

ROGER.

My sight !

TONY.

My love !

MICHAEL.

My friend !

MADGE.

O make me sure of peace in the end.

## THE SUPPER.

HOST.

I gave you freely of all I had,  
It is not my doing, you are not glad.

AVERILL.

We want.

TONY.

We hunger.

AVERILL.

Ah, once more  
Let us hope, let us love, let us live.

MICHAEL.

Restore

What we have lost, what you possess,  
You that are stronger for our distress,  
You that have wakened our hearts this day.

HOST.

My friend, you know not what you say.

ROGER [*in a low voice*].

Why did he ask us hither to-night ?

MADGE.

And question, too, of our evil plight ?

TONY.

Why did he drive us to be glad ?



## THE SUPPER.

101

ROGER.

To make us remember what once we had.

MADGE.

Youth and happiness well forgot !

TONY.

To spy on our trouble.

MICHAEL.

A devil's plot !

Damn the poison ! Drink no more !

I wish I had spilt my glass on the floor

Ere I made merry with him. His guest !

To watch us befooled, 'twas an excellent jest !

ROGER.

I wish I could see his face.

MICHAEL.

He stands,

Pale and angry, with twitching hands.

O his sport is spoiled ; he's vext to know

That we've found him out.

MADGE.

Let us go, let us go.

MICHAEL.

Ay, we've our pride, as well as he.

Come out to the street, in the street we are free.

TONY.

Curse the light that dazzled our eyes !

MICHAEL.

Curse the drink that taught us lies !

MADGE.

Say no more, but let's begone.

ROGER.

Curse the mocker that lured us on !

MICHAEL.

May your pleasure perish, your grief increase,  
Your heart dry up.

AVERILL [*breaking in*].

Peace, friends, peace.

HOST

[*Astonished, and struggling with himself*].

Ungrateful !

AVERILL.

You know not, sir, perchance,  
How misery turns the mind askance.

HOST.

I pitied you.

## AVERILL.

Pity, sir, 'tis well,  
But it will not hold men up from hell.  
Silence, friends : you have had your way,  
Now 'tis for me to say my say.  
Listen well, our host : my youth  
Comes back ; I burn with the fire of the truth.  
It lights my thoughts and kindles my tongue ;  
And he must speak, whose heart is wrung.

Behold us, who ask not pity,  
We were not what we are ;  
For a moment now we remember :  
O, we have fallen far !

We are Necessity's children.  
Our Mother, that bore us of old,  
Has her mark on us all : she brings us  
All, in the end, to her fold.

We have wandered in meadow and sun ;  
But she calls us up from the flowers.  
She is our will, our purpose ;  
The aching flesh is ours.

Hark, in the lulling tempest,  
Close on the wild wind's heels,  
The sound that makes men tremble,  
The sound of her chariot wheels !

She calls. We must not tarry.  
We must take up our yoke again,  
With labouring feet for ever  
To follow her triumph's train ;

To follow her sleepless course,  
And to fall when she decrees  
With wailings that no man hearkens,  
With tramlings that no man sees,

With the great world glorying round us,  
As the dying soldier hears,  
Far off in the ebb of battle,  
His conquering comrades' cheers.

Is your heart grown tender toward us ?  
Would you lift us up from the mire ?  
Would you set our feet in the way  
To follow our far desire ?

O, you must have strength to fashion  
Our bones and bowels anew,  
With fresh blood fill these bodies,  
Ere we may have part with you.

Farewell, for our Mother calls :  
We go, but we thank you, friend,  
Who have lifted us up for a moment,  
To behold our beginning and end.

We are clothed with youth and riches,  
We are givers of feasts to-night,  
We spread our plenteous table  
And heap it in your sight.

You need not to sharpen hunger ;  
All shall be well appeased.  
If you find our fare to your pleasure,  
You shall depart well pleased.

Have you tasted a relish keener  
Than the pang of useless pain ?  
Know you a spice more rare  
Than the tears of wisdom rain ?

Come, eat of the mad desires  
That rend us we know not why,  
The terrors that hunt us, the torment  
That will not let us die.

Taste, it is ripe to bursting,  
The sorrow-scented fruit,  
That weakness sowed in darkness,  
That found in the night its root,

That blossomed in great despairs,  
And is trodden to earth in scorn,  
By the ignorant feet that trample  
The faces of babes unborn.

The laughter of men that mock,  
The silence of women that fear,  
The shrinking of children's hands :  
Come taste, all these are here.

Drink, drink of the blood-red wine,  
That the smilers and scorers have pressed  
From the wrongs of the helpless, the rending  
And sobs of the fatherless breast.

We heap our table before you.  
Eat and be filled : we go.  
O friend, that had pity on us,  
It is we that have pity on you !

Host

*[Alone, after a long silence, raising his head].*

O what furious serpent's nest  
Have I found in my own breast ?  
Like flames my thoughts upon me leap,  
To eat my joy, to kill my sleep.  
How dreadful is the silence here !  
It weighs like terror on my ear.  
Soon will the dawn be shining in,  
And men awake, and birds begin ;  
And I must face the world afresh.  
I faint, I fear it in my flesh.  
I thought that I could love my kind !  
Love is vast, and I was blind.  
O mighty world, my weakness spare !  
This love is more than I can dare.

VARIOUS POEMS.





## THE RENEWAL.

No more of sorrow, the world's old distress,  
Nor war of thronging spirits numberless,  
Immortal ardours in brief days confined,  
No more the languid fever of mankind  
To-day I sing: 'tis no melodious pain  
Cries in me: a full note, a rapturous strain  
My voice adventures. Tremblest thou, my heart,  
Because so eagerly the bliss would start  
Up from thy fountains? O be near to me,  
Thou that upliftest, thou that sett'st me free!

Out of the dim vault and the dying hues  
Of Autumn, that for every wanderer strews  
On silent paths the perishing pale leaves,  
Fallen, like thoughts the heart no more believes,  
From blackened branches to the frozen ground:  
Out of the multitudinous dim sound  
Of millions, to each other all unknown,  
Warring together on the alien stone  
Of streets unnumbered; where with drooping head  
Prisoners pass, by unseen tyrants led  
And with inaudible manacles oppressed,  
Where he who listens cannot ever rest

For hearing in his heart the cry of men,  
His brothers, from their lamentable den ;  
Out of all these I come to this sweet waste  
Of woods and waters, and the odour taste  
Of pines in sunshine hearkening to the roar  
Of ocean on his solitary shore ;  
Lone beaches, where the yellow poppy blows  
Unplucked, and where the wind for ever flows  
Over the heathy desert ; where the sea  
Sparkles afar into infinity ;  
And the cleared spirit, tasting all things clean,  
Rejoices, as if grief had never been ;  
Where thou, to whom the birds and the waves sing,  
By some enchantment hast restored the Spring.

As when a dear hand touches on the hair  
And thrills away the heaviness of care,  
Till the world changes and through a window bright  
The upleaping spirit gazes in delight,  
Over my brain I feel a calming hand ;  
I look upon sweet earth and understand :  
I hear the loud wind laughing through the trees ;  
The nimble air my limbs encourages,  
And I upraise my songs afresh begun,  
A palinode to the triumphant sun.

But thou, from whom into my soul to-day  
Enters a quivering glory, ray on ray,  
O by thine eyes a sister of the Spring,  
Striking a core of sweetness in each thing

Thou look'st on, till it blossoms ! By thy voice,  
Soul of all souls created to rejoice !  
Thou that with native overbrimming sense  
Takest the light of Beauty's effluence,  
As from the morning, in May's festal prime,  
The young green leaves of the swift-budded lime ;  
That drawest all glad things, they know not why,  
By some dear magnet of felicity ;  
And mournful spirits from their yoke of pain  
Enchantest, till they lift their necks again,  
And looking in thy bright and gentle eyes  
To thee devote their dearest enterprise ;  
Thou whose brave heart could its own pain consume  
And turn to deeper tenderness ; in whom  
Looks, thoughts, and motions, speech and mien persuade,  
Immortal Joy hath his own mansion made :  
How shall my too full heart, my stammering tongue,  
Render thee half the song which thou hast sung  
Into my being, by no web of words  
Hindered, and fluid as the note of birds ?  
Or tell what magic of sweet air is shed  
On me, so radiantly comforted ?  
I need each beam of the young sun ; I need  
Each draught of the pure wind, whereon to feed  
My joy ; each sparkle of the dew that shines  
Under your branches, dark, sun-drunken pines,  
All voices, motions of the unwearied sea ;  
But most, O tender spirit, I need thee.  
For thou to this dumb beauty art the tone  
It fain would render ; all that is thine own

Of wayward and most human and most sweet  
Mingling, until the music be complete :  
Thine accents, O adorable and dear,  
Command me to rejoice and have no fear ;  
Out of remembrance wash the soil of pain  
And medicine me to my own self again.

Muse of my quickened verse, I am as he  
Who, striving in the vast up-swollen sea,  
Lifted a moment on a wave, descries  
Unrolling suddenly the boundless skies.  
Now is mere breathing joy ; and all that strife  
Confused and darkling, that we miscall life,  
Is as a cloak, cast off in the warm spring.  
Thus to possess the sunlight, is a thing  
Worth more than our ambitions ; more than ease  
Wrung from the despot labour, the stale lees  
Of youthful bliss : more than the plotting mind  
Can ever compass, or the heart can find  
In wisest books or multitude of friends.  
For this it is that brings us to the lap  
Of bounteous Earth, and fills us with her sap  
And early laughter ; melts the petty ends  
Of daily striving into boundless air,  
Revealing to the soul what it can dare :  
Frees and enriches thousandfold ; and steeps  
This trembling self in universal deeps ;  
Lends it the patience of the eternal hills  
To bear, no more in solitude, its ills,  
And with all fervours of the world inspires

Its re-awakened and divine desires.  
This is it that can find the deepest root  
In us, and urge unto the fairest fruit,  
Persuading the shut soul, that hid in night,  
To crowd its blissful leaves into the light,  
And shed, upon the lost, immortal seeds :  
Kindles into a forge of fiery deeds  
The smouldering heart, and closes the long wound  
Of gentle spirits by rough time untuned ;  
And, O more precious even yet than this,  
Empowers our weakness to support in bliss  
The immensity of love, to love in vain  
Yet still to hunger for that priceless pain ;  
To love without a bound, to set no end  
To our long love, never aside to bend  
In loving, but pour forth in living streams  
Our hearts, as the full morn his quenchless beams.

He that this light hath tasted, asks no more  
Dim questions answerless, that have so sore  
Perplexed our thinking : in his bosom flow  
Springs of all knowledge he hath need to know.  
Nor vaunts he the secure philosophy  
Self-throned, that would so easily untie  
The knot of this hard world : and judging straight  
Pronounce its essence and declare its fate.  
How should the universal heart be known  
To him that can so hardly read his own ?  
For where is he that can the inmost speak  
Of his own being ? Words are blind and weak,

Perplexing phantoms, dim as smoke to fire,  
Mocking our tears, and torturing our desire,  
When soul with soul would mingle : even Love  
Never availed yet, howsoe'er he strove,  
But, like the moon, to yield one radiant part  
To the dark longing of the embracing heart.  
And Earth, shall her vast secret open lie  
Before the brief gaze of mortality ?  
Yet wayward and self-wise, no sooner stept  
Into the world, and a few troubles wept,  
A few unripe joys garnered, a few sins  
Experienced, the impetuous mind begins  
Its hasty wisdom ; the world's griefs and joys  
Holds in a balance, and essays to poise.  
O persevering folly ! never sleep  
Must weigh the lids of that soul who would reap  
This mystery ; deserts vast must she explore,  
Many far towns, many an unguessed shore,  
And those deep regions search, more desolate far,  
Where lives are herded, ignorant what they are,  
And scarcely disentangling joy from woe ;  
Their being must she put on, if she would know  
Humanity ; most private bliss invade,  
And with extremest terror be afraid,  
Blank quiet and fierce rages apprehend.  
Nor less into the leaping air ascend  
Of flame-like spirits, and enamoured veins  
Feel pulse in her ; to exquisite pains  
Surrender. Then must her fleet impulse find  
A way into the solitary mind

Of creatures, that in thousand thousand forms  
Dumb life inspires and a brief sunshine warms ;  
And into the blind springs of sap and seed  
Empty her passion, helpless with their need,  
Torn with their hunger, thirsting with their thirst ;  
And deeper, whither eye hath never pierced,  
Search out, amid the unsleeping stir that fills  
Caves of old ocean and the rooted hills,  
Whether indeed these streams of being flow  
From inmost joy or a great core of woe.  
Not until then is her wide errand sped,  
Nor even so the supreme verdict said.  
For far into the outer night must fare  
The uncompleted spirit, that to dare  
Has but begun : now her commissioned bark  
She must adventure on an ocean dark,  
Illumined only by the driving foam  
Of stars imprisoned in the invisible home  
Each of his circle ; age be lost in age  
Ere she accomplish half her pilgrimage ;  
Nor till the last of those uncounted spheres  
Its incommunicable joys and tears  
Yield up to her, shall she at length return  
And homeward heavy with the message burn,  
And to her wonder-waiting peers rehearse  
The mighty meaning of the Universe.

O lovely Joy ! and sweet Necessity,  
That wakes, empowers, and impassions me,  
It is enough that this illumined hour



I feel my own life open like a flower  
Within me. Whether the worlds ache or no,  
Wearing a bright mask over breasts of woe,  
I have no need to learn ; I only gaze  
Into thine eyes, dear spirit, that dost upraise  
My spirit ; thy bright eyes, that never cease  
To thrill me with soft moonlike beams of peace.  
I look in them as into Earth's own eyes ;  
Faith instantly my longing fortifies ;  
And now I think no single day has hours,  
Nor year has days, nor life has years, for powers  
Of joy sufficing ; for the things begun  
And waiting to be seen and felt and done.  
O give me all thy pains, let them be mine,  
And keep alone beloved delight for thine !  
I have a flame within me shall transmute  
All to an ash, that shall bear flower and fruit,  
While thou look'st on me, while from thee there flows  
The invisible strength that in my spirit grows,  
Until like Spring, the blissful prodigal,  
It burns as it were capable of all  
That ever could be reached, enjoyed, or won,  
Or known, or suffered, underneath the sun.

But O why tarry we in language vain  
And speak thus dimly of delight and pain ?  
Those human words have fallen out of sense,  
Drunk up into intenser elements,  
As colours perish into perfect light.  
Now in the visitation of swift sight



That makes me for this happy moment wise  
Beyond all wisdom of philosophies,  
I feel even through this transitory flesh  
The pang of my creation dart afresh ;  
The bonds of thought fall off, and I am free ;  
There is no longer grief nor joy for me,  
But one infinity of life that flows  
From the deep ocean-heart that no man knows  
Out into these unnumbered semblances  
Of earth and air, mountains and beasts and trees,  
One timeless flood which drives the circling star  
In furthest heaven, and whose weak waves we are,  
Mortal and broken oft in sobbing foam,  
Yet ever children of that central home,  
Our Peace, that even as we flee, we find ;  
The Road that is before us and behind,  
By which we travel from ourselves, in sleep  
Or waking, toward a self more vast and deep.

O could my voice but sound to all the earth  
And bring thy tidings, radiant One, to birth  
In hearts of men ! How would they cast away  
The shroud that wraps them from the spacious day,  
Burst the strong meshes they themselves have spun  
Of idle cares, and step into the sun,  
And see, and feel, and dedicate no more  
Their travail to some far imagined shore,  
Some dreamed-of goal beyond life's eager sphere,  
For lo ! at every hour the goal is here ;  
And as the dark woods tremble to the morn,

That shoots into their dewy depths forlorn  
Along the wind's path bright victorious rays,  
And in all branches the birds lift their praise,  
So should they sing, rejoicing to be free,  
As I, belovèd Muse, rejoice in thee.

## FEBRUARY MORNING.

PEACEFULLY fresh, O February morn,  
Thy winds come to me : quiet the light slants  
Through silver-bosomed clouds, that slowly borne  
Across the wide heath, endlessly advance.

Now 'tis that pause before the leaping Spring,  
When over all things waiting comes a hush ;  
And shyly, listen ! the one vocal thing,  
Over his dewy notes lingers the thrush.

Now life, with all her hindering riddles, seems  
Simple as its green budding to the tree.  
Awhile the Fates forbear, and to my dreams,  
Sheltered awhile from truth, relinquish me.

In haven and at anchor rides my heart,  
And broods upon its swelling joys apart.

## SONG.

LOVE, like cordial wine,  
Pouring his soul in mine,  
Bids me to sing ;  
Youth's bright glory snatch,  
And Time's paces match  
With fearless wing.

Now, while breath is bliss,  
And dawn wakes me with a kiss,  
Ere this rapture flee,  
Ere my heart thou claim,  
Sorrow, I will aim  
A shaft at thee.

## MAY EVENING.

So late the rustling shower was heard ;  
Yet now the æry west is still.  
The wet leaves flash, and lightly stirred  
Great drops out of the lilac spill.  
Peacefully blown, the ashen clouds  
Uncurtain height on height of sky.  
Here, as I wander, beauty crowds  
In freshness keen upon my eye.

Now the shorn turf a glowing green  
Takes in the massy cedar shade ;  
And through the poplar's trembling screen  
Fires of the evening blush and fade.  
Each way my marvelling senses feel  
Swift odour, light, and luminous hue  
Of leaf and flower upon them steal :  
The songs of birds pierce my heart through.

The tulip clear, like yellow flame,  
Burns upward from the gloomy mould :  
As though for passion forth they came,  
Red hearts of peonies unfold :  
And perfumes tender, sweet, intense  
Enter me, delicate as a blade.  
The lilac odour wounds my sense,  
Of the rich rose I am afraid.

## LOVE INFINITE.

WHERE the honeysuckle blows  
In the summer night, entwined  
With fresh leaves of the rose,  
Greenness in gloom divined ;  
Sweet breaths in a mystery conspire  
My soul to ravish in swift desire.

Yet I, as the hidden grass  
I roam, within me bear  
Joys that all these surpass,  
And taste diviner air.  
I love, I am loved : ah, nothing was ever sweet  
As the word my lips to my heart repeat.

To take into my arms  
The body of my bliss ;  
Charm beyond earthly charms,  
Thought beyond thought were this.  
My bliss not Earth in her ring could hold,  
Nor Night, that doth all the stars enfold.

It clothes me and bathes me round :  
I find no end nor measure.  
I sink, I am lost ; drowned  
In the wonder and depth of pleasure.  
O joy of love, could I plumb with a rod the sea,  
My tongue might tell the untellable sweetness of thee.

## OVER THE SEA.

THERE came an evening when the storm had died  
After long rain, miraculously clear :  
And lo, across the burning waters wide  
Rose up that coast, to thee and me how dear.

I knew the very houses by the bay.  
And as I gazed, the time that clouded thick  
On those old hours, fell suddenly away,  
And memory was bared, even to the quick.

There was no peace then in the evening light ;  
For all my joy was left on that far shore.  
Betwixt that apparition and the night  
Alone I was ; and I was brave no more.

Could I not keep thee, even in my heart ?  
O, my dear love, we perish, when we part.

## LAMENT.

O COULD the fallen leaf  
On the bough again be born,  
The old joy, the old grief  
Come fresh to the heart with morn !  
Spring will bring new flowers  
And morning a new song :  
But I want not these, I long  
For the old days, the old hours.

The kisses that I kissed,  
The sweet kisses you gave,  
All are gone in a mist,  
Gone into Time their grave.  
Could I once again  
Feel that old first kiss,  
This, and only this  
Could heal my wound of pain.



## SEPARATION.

WE parted at golden dawn.  
I feasted my last on her eyes,  
And journeyed, journeyed alone :  
Mountains and cities and skies

Hurried with cruel pace,  
Endless and swift as the years,  
From the light, from the sun, from her face,  
My heart full of darkness and tears.

In a day, in a night have flown  
Ages on ages fleet.  
At dawn I wander alone  
In a strange, in a silent street.

O love, far off in the clime  
Of our joy, remember, and bend  
From that early glory of Time  
To me at his desolate end.

## FEARS OF LOVE.

LOVE grasps my heart in a net  
Like the strong roots of a flower ;  
So surely his root is set  
In my spirit, to hold me with power.  
Yet to-night, O forgive me, Dear !  
I am troubled, my heart trembles.  
There flutters within me a fear  
That Love in vain dissembles.

O is it that even our trust,  
So strongly planted,  
How steadfast soever, must  
By its own fear be haunted ?  
As the heart must beat in the breast  
If the pulse to its life be true,  
Love must tremble and throb in his nest  
To be sure of his life-blood anew ?

## IN THE FIRELIGHT.

So sad and so lonely, Dear ?  
What dream by the fire do you dream  
So deep, that you could not hear  
My step as I entered ? Dim  
Is the room and the ceiling above you  
With shadows that leap from the fire :  
But hither, look hither, 'tis I  
That am here ; it is I, that love you.  
I am come on the wings of desire :  
Far off, I felt you sigh.

How could my heart refuse  
Your longing that pierced so far ?  
That in those clear eyes, that muse,  
Has kindled a mournful star ?  
But now, O now no longer  
In the fire your comfort seek.  
I bring love brighter than flame,  
Than the sunshine warmer and stronger.  
I cherish your hands ; O speak,  
Look on me, and speak my name !

## THE ELM.

O THAT I had a tongue, that could express  
Half of that peace thou ownest, darkling Tree !  
A slumber, shaded with the heaviness  
That droops thy leaves, hangs deeply over me.

Far off, the evening light  
Takes dim farewell: with hesitating Night  
Day softly parleys ; each her hour suspends,  
Hushing the harboured winds, lest they affright  
Ripe summer, that the falling leaf attends.

Fresh are the fields ; and like a bloom they wear  
This delicate evening. Peace upon them lies  
So soft, I marvel that their slopes to air  
Dissolve not, ere foot reach them : dewy skies

In dream the distance steep.  
Thou only, solitary Elm, dost keep  
Firm root in earth, and with thy musing crest  
Unmoved, and darkly branching arms asleep,  
As truth in dream, my spirit anchorest.

O surely Sleep inhabits in thy boughs,  
Sleep, that knows all things ; each well-hid distress  
And private sigh ; that all men's plea allows,  
And is acquainted with the happiness

Removed, of him that grieves.

Surely beneath thy grave and tranquil leaves  
He will unfold the obstinate mystery  
That to our questing thought for ever cleaves,  
And I may hold in my own hand the key.

To pierce the veil, and, seeing with clear eyes,  
Wonder that riddles ever vex our lot,  
What joy! For did perfidious Earth devise  
Our desolation; were her felon plot  
    To flatter with fair shows,  
That we her purpose out of useless woes  
Might fashion, baited by a glorious lure,  
You could not, O dark leaves, such deep repose  
Imitate, nor conspire to seem secure.

You, as a child exclaims the natural fear  
Which men dissemble, what you could not hide  
Would utter: but you sleep, remote from care.  
Still tree, by thy dumb augury I abide  
    Nor further ask thee tell  
Things for the time imprisoned: I the spell  
Might break, and thou the rash intruder scorn.  
Enough, that what I know not thou know'st well,  
Unagitated, nor hast need to mourn.

THE VISION OF AUGUSTINE AND  
MONICA.

MOTHER, because thine eyes are sealed in sleep,  
And thy cheeks pale, and thy lips cold, and deep  
In silence plunged, so fathomlessly still  
Thou liest, and relaxest all thy will,  
Is it indeed thy spirit that is flown?  
And gazing on thy face, am I alone?  
O wake and tell me it is false: I fear;  
And yet my heart persuades me thou art near  
With living love. I cannot weep nor wail,  
Nor feel thee taken from me; the tears fail  
Within me, and my lips their moan reject.  
Nay, as I watch, each instant I expect  
Thine eyes will shine upon me unaware  
And thy lips softly part, and to thy hair  
Laying one hand, like those who come from dreams  
So bright, that the dim morning only seems,  
Thou wilt stretch forth the other into mine,  
And to thy tender gaze thy love resign,  
And speak, as thou wast wont, in thy low voice  
Words wise and gentle, and my heart rejoice  
With comfort poured into a trusted ear.  
Mother, thou hearest? Surely thou dost hear,  
Though thy tired eyes, blissfully closed, defer

The heavy world, the weight of human lot.  
A change has fallen, and yet I know not what.  
The deep communion of thy calm enfolds  
My spirit also, and suspended holds  
Lament, that knows not why to weep, yet yearns  
For something missed, a fear it dimly learns.

And yet time has not touched us: the full glow  
Salutes us, even as when five eves ago,  
By this same window, over the same seas,  
With thoughts of home brought by the shadowy breeze  
From regions dearer than these golden skies,  
We looked, and the same glory filled our eyes.  
Even so the sun transfiguring the land  
Upon the outstretched waters and bright sand  
Reclined: the same faint odours floated sweet  
From the green garden flowering at our feet.  
Silent we gazed, and the serene large air  
Appeased our thoughts; the burden that they bare  
Departed: marvelling at our own release  
We greeted wave and ray as kindred. Peace  
Descended then, and touched us; and we knew  
Our joy, attired in light, and felt it true.  
Dust of the journey, the hot din of Rome  
Fell from us: with an aspect kind, like home,  
The silent and interminable sea  
Our longing matched with his immensity:  
We followed the far sails that, one by one,  
Were drawn into the huge and burning sun;  
And our souls set to freedom; and they cast

Away the soiled remembrance of things past,  
And to the things before, with radiant speed,  
Ran on in joy, eager as captives freed,  
Far to the last horizon's utmost bound,  
Onward and onward, and no limit found.

Then thou rememberest how regarding long  
This lovely earth, an inward vision strong  
O'ercame us, till terrestrial beauty took  
An insubstantial seeming, the far look  
Of regions known in dream. Forsaking fear  
We rose together to that ampler sphere,  
Where the sun burns, and in his train the moon  
And myriad stars upon the darkness strewn  
Illumine earth : on splendour past access  
Of fleshly eye, revolving weariless,  
We gazed ; yet even as we gazed, the pang  
Of the eternal touched us ; then we sprang  
From those bright circles, and each boundary passed  
Of sense, and into liberty at last,  
To our own souls we came, the haunted place  
Of thought, companionless as ancient space,  
Her lonely mirror ; and uplifted thence  
Sighed upward to the eternal Effluence  
Of life, the intense glory that imbues  
With far-off sheddings of its radiant hues  
Mortality ; that from the trees calls forth  
Young leaves, and flowers from the untended earth ;  
And from the heart of man, joy and despair,  
Rapture and adoration, the dim prayer



Of troubled lips, tears and ecstatic throes,  
And fearful love unfolding like the rose,  
And hymns of peace: whose everlasting power  
Draws up ten thousand spirits every hour,  
As the bright vapour from ten thousand streams,  
Back to their home of homes, where thou with beams  
Of living joy, O Sun of humankind,  
Feedest the fainting and world-wounded mind,  
And from remembrance burnest out all fear.  
Sustained a moment in that self-same sphere  
By wings of ecstasy, we hung, we drew  
Into our trembling souls the very hue  
Of Paradise, permitted the dear breath  
Of truth; us also ignorance of death  
Made mighty, and joy beyond the need of peace.  
We of the certain light of blessedness  
A moment tasted: then, since even desire  
Perishes of its own exceeding fire,  
Sighing our spirits failed, and fell away,  
And sank into the tinge of alien day  
Unwillingly, to memory and the weight  
Of hope on the unsure heart, to armed fate,  
And prisoning time, and to the obscuring sound  
Of human words, O even to the ground!

The flame that fledged to that remotest height  
Our spirits winged upon impassioned flight,  
Sped us no more; but yet the usurping press  
Of mortal hours their wonted heaviness  
Relaxed, and on our rapture lightly leaned.

Now, as we gazed, a glory intervened :  
We saw, yet saw not : our thoughts lingered, where  
The rays yet pierced them of celestial air ;  
And with hearts hushed, as children that have learned  
The meaning of some fear or joy, we turned  
To one another, and spoke softly, and drew  
Sighs, when that light smote on our thoughts anew.

O could the tumult of the senses sleep,  
We murmured then : the mutinous body keep  
Due pace, and this surrounding bath of light,  
And these unwearying waves of day and night,  
Following in beauty, the bright death and birth  
Of suns, the sweet apparel of the earth,  
Awhile be dimmed : could but the moon forego  
Her splendour, and the winds forget to blow,  
Ocean no more his troubling water heave,  
And air its many-coloured web unweave,  
Could but those visions pale that with affright  
Pierce us, or unapproachable delight,  
And all disturbing charm that at our eyes  
Darts arrows, and for ever laughs and flies ;  
Could all be hushed, and memory turn her face,  
And hope her low flute silence for a space,  
And the soul slip the clinging leash of thought,  
And cast the raiment she herself hath wrought,  
And, as a flower springs upward unaware,  
Naked ascend into the eternal air :  
While he, who all this lovely warp of earth  
With pomp of time inweaves, and still from birth

Moves his creation to death's other door,  
If he through perishable mouths no more  
Should speak : not dimly through the veil of sense  
Reported, nor conjectured influence  
Of stars, nor through the thunder, nor by dream,  
Nor by whatever of prophetic theme  
Angel or man melodiously hath sung,  
But utter very words of his own tongue,  
And hold communion with the mind he made,  
As with the light such things as know not shade,  
O were not this the joy of joy to win,  
And Paradise indeed to enter in ?

I too, I too, in my own feverish youth  
That light desired ; and fainted after truth,  
Unripe in fervour : in a misty morn  
Of passion and unrestful ferment borne  
Hither and thither, many uncertain flames  
Did I pursue, and stumbled among shames,  
And wandered where my own rash spirit drove,  
Misleading to sad joys. In love with Love,  
I looked in many faces, searching him,  
And passionately embraced with phantoms dim,  
Nor knew what my heart hungered for. But thou,  
Who understandest, who beginnest now  
In glory visible to fill mine eyes,  
Thou that obscure desire didst authorise,  
And by degrees unto itself disclose.  
O by that beam how momentary shows  
The world : 'tis but the bush that burns with thee :

And I the sandals of mortality  
Long to put off, and with these chains have done,  
That bind me, and fly homeward to the sun.

Mother, but thou? O what a pang is this  
That wounds me? Mother, of what cup of bliss  
Hast thou partaken, that I may not taste?  
O could I penetrate thy peace, and haste  
Thither where thou art gone! O now in vain  
My heart swells with unconquerable pain.  
My desolation now too well I know.  
I cannot come where my soul chafes to go,  
But lay my wet cheek down to thine, and feel  
Thy cold cheek desolate my heart, and steal  
Peace and delight away. Dost thou not move,  
Thou that wert used to weep sad tears of love  
For me that grieved thee? Now thou weep'st no more,  
But I with all the hurt I caused thee sore,  
Weep all thy tears afresh. The door is closed  
Upon me fast, and darkness interposed!  
Now terrible thy calm seems, and this peace  
Of night dismays me, longing for release  
That will not visit me. On earth and skies  
The hush of slumber falls, on thy closed eyes,  
My mother, on the shore and on the sea;  
All things the night appeases, but not me.

## THE PINE WOODS OF GRIJÓ.

Our voices break on a stillness bright and strange  
Of early morning. Pines upon either hand  
People the sunshine : deep as eye can range,  
Their lofty throngs in a darkling order stand.

Our sandy path, new-washed with rains of night,  
Already is dry : but dewily shine its banks.  
And cool, the shadows asleep upon stems upright,  
Unevenly dapple the silent, endless ranks.

The shadows, they lie so lightly, I think if a wind  
Blew hither, his breath would lift them, as all sad cares  
Are lifted, blown from the cleared and eager mind,  
That now unbidden its native pleasure dares.

O pines of ardent branches, that plume with green  
The delicate blue of morning, and softly house  
The warm light poured from a splendour half unseen ;  
O forest still and scented, hear my vows !

My body is warm to my heart, and I rejoice.  
I clothe myself with the light, as ye are clad :  
As ye breathe forth your perfume, I my voice  
Will utter in morning freshness, alert and glad.

138 THE PINE WOODS OF GRIJÓ.

As the thistledown melts in the air, of very lightness,  
Is scattered the web that trouble has vainly spun ;  
And my spirit arising bold, and bathed in brightness,  
Hymns the excellent, sweet, victorious sun.

## CARVALHOS.

EARTH, I love thee well ;  
And well dost thou requite me.  
I have no tongue to tell  
How this day thou hast thrilled  
With wonder, to delight me,  
My heart, intensely stilled.

On the white-walled knoll I stand  
And feel beneath me glowing  
The noon-hushed, lovely land :  
Hills beyond hills, and few  
Far towns a faint crest showing  
Faint in the rounding blue.

Blue sea and radiant sky,  
Blue sky and mountain marry ;  
And the mind, raised up on high,  
Onward and onward springs ;  
Where'er she choose to tarry,  
On every side are wings.

To the sun the sun-bathed pines  
Their strength and sweetness render.

From where the far foam shines  
Like the rim of a dazzling shield,  
All fervent things and tender  
Life, joy, and perfume yield.

Me, too, with mastering charm  
From husks of dead days freeing,  
The sun draws up, to be warm  
And to bloom in this sweet hour ;  
The stem of all my being  
Waited to bear this flower.

Upward, a burning flame,  
My spirit springs enkindled.  
No more of place, nor name,  
Nor time aware, it flees  
Aloft, in the noon to be mingled,  
In fire its fire to appease.



## DOURO.

THE dripping of the boughs in silence heard  
Softly ; the low note of some lingering bird  
Amid the weeping vapour ; the chill fall  
Of solitary evening upon all  
That stirs and hopes and apprehends and grieves,  
With pining odours of the ruined leaves  
Have like a dew distilled upon my heart  
The air of death : but now recoiling start  
Longing and keen remembrance out of sighs ;  
And forward the desiring spirit flies  
Toward the wild peace of that illumined shore,  
Which, left behind her, yet still shines before ;  
To Douro, rushing through the mighty hills.  
Now his great stream with fancied splendour fills  
Even this brooding twilight ; a swift ghost,  
Journeying forever to the glimmering coast,  
Where his majestic voice is heard afar,  
Exulting dim upon that ocean bar.  
O Douro, gliding by dark woods, and fleet  
Beneath thy shadowy rocks in the noon heat,  
How my heart faints to follow after thee  
On one true course to my deep destined sea !  
To take no care of dimness or sunshine,

Urged ever by an inward way divine,  
Nor falter in this heavy gloom that brings  
So thick upon me lamentable things  
Of earth, and hinders the swift spirit's wings,  
And clouds the steadfast vision that sustains  
Alone the trembling heart amid perpetual pains.

Dear friend, who thirstest, even as I, to be  
Heir and possessor of sweet liberty,  
Once more in memory let us pluck the hour  
That bloomed so perfect, and renew the power  
Of joy within our wondering breasts, to feel  
That freshness of eternal things, and heal  
All our unhappy thoughts in those pure rays.  
Not yet the last of these delightful days  
Into the dark unwillingly has flown,  
And thou and I upon a hill o'ergrown,  
That indolently shadows Douro stream,  
Together watch the wonderful clear dream  
Of evening. Under the dark shore of pines  
Noiselessly running, the wide water shines.  
Curving afar, from where the mountains lift  
Their burning heads, through many a forest rift  
The River comes, scenting the spaces free  
In this broad channel, of his welcoming sea.  
No more by silent precipices hewn  
Out of the night, murmuring a lonely tune  
To craggy Fregeneda ; nor where shines  
Regoa, throned among her purple vines,  
Impetuously seeking valleys new ;

But smoothing his broad mirror to the hue  
And peace of heaven, unhasting now he flows  
And with the sky unfathomably glows,  
Even as on yonder shore the woods receive  
In their empurpled bosoms the warm eve.  
As when a lover gazes tenderly  
Upon his loved one, and, as tender, she  
Hushes her heart, her joy to realize,  
So hushed, so lovely, so contented lies  
Earth, by that earnest-gazing glory blest.  
But on this hither bank that fervent West  
Is hidden behind us, and the stems around  
Spring shadowy from the bare and darkling ground.  
Only a single pine out of the shade  
Emerges, in what splendour soft arrayed !  
Magical clearness, warming to the sight  
As to the touch it would be : plumed with light,  
Motionless upward the tree soars and burns.  
But now the dew upon the freshened ferns  
In the dim hollow gather, and cool scent  
Of herbage with the pine's pure odour blent,  
And voices of the villagers below  
As home, with music, up the stream they row,  
Greet us descending ; every blossom sleeps,  
And bluer and more blue the evening steeps  
Water and fragrant grass and the straight stems  
In tender mystery. Down a path that hems  
The hollow, to our waiting boat we come.  
Pale purple flames shining amid the gloom  
Signal the autumn crocus : look, afar,

Betwixt the tree-tops, the first-ventured star !  
Soon gliding homeward under shadowy shores  
And deepened sky, to the repeated oars'  
Strong chime we hasten. Now along pale sand  
Our ripple leaps in silver ; now the land,  
High over the swift water darkly massed,  
Echoes our falling blades as we go past ;  
Until, enthroned upon her hills divine,  
The city nears us : lights begin to shine  
Scarce from the stars distinguished, so the gloom  
Has mingled earth and sky ; more steeply loom  
The banks on either side, at intervals  
Tufted with trees, or crowned with winding walls ;  
And now at last the river opens large,  
Filled with the city's murmur ; from his marge,  
Slope over slope, the glimmering terraces  
Rise, and their scattered lamps' bright images  
Cast on the wavering water ; and we hear  
The sound of soft bells, and cries faint or near  
From the dim wharves, or anchored ships, whose spars  
Entangle in dark meshes the white stars.  
And pale smoke rising blue on the blue air  
Sleeps in a thin cloud under heights that bear  
Towers and roofs lofty against the west,  
Where yet a clearness lingers. Now the breast  
Of Douro heaves, foreboding whither bound  
His currents hasten, and with joyous sound,  
As though the encountering brine new pulses gave,  
Lifts, to outrace our speed, his buoyant wave.

For, hearken, up the peaceful evening borne  
Out of the wide sea-gates, low thunders warn  
Of Ocean beating with his sleepless surge  
Along the wild sand-marges : the deep dirge  
Of mariners, that wakes the widow's ear  
At night, far inland, terrible and near.  
Fainter, this eve, he murmurs than as oft  
His troubled music : here, by distance soft,  
The abrupt volley, the sharp shattering roar,  
And seethe of foam flung tumbling up the shore,  
Mingle in one wide rumour, that all round  
Is heard afar, robing the air with sound.  
Deep in my heart I hear it. The still night  
Deepens, as we ascend the homeward height,  
And loud or low, in following intervals,  
Over the hills the sound unwearied falls ;  
And as upon my bed my heavy eyes  
Close up, the drowsing mind re-occupies.

O what a vision floats into my sleep !  
As a night-shutting flower, my senses keep  
The live day's lingering odours and warm hues,  
That thought and motion with themselves transfuse,  
Till sound and light and perfume are but one,  
Mingled in fires of the embracing sun.  
Yet still I am aware of Ocean stirred  
Far off, and like a grave rejoicing heard.  
Am I awake, or in consenting dreams  
Pour thither all my thought's tumultuous streams ?  
His voice, to meet them, a deep answer sends :

My soul, to listen, her light wing suspends,  
And, pillowed upon undulating sound,  
For all desire hath satisfaction found.  
He calls her thither, where the winds uncage  
Vast longing, that the unsounded seas assuage.  
Breeze after breeze her wingèd pinnace bears  
Over the living water, that prepares  
Still widening mystery: she her speed the more  
Urges, exulting to have lost the shore,  
Supported by the joy that sets her free,  
Delighted mistress of her destiny,  
Fills the wide night with beating of her wing,  
And is content, for ever voyaging  
By timeless courses, over worlds unknown,  
Lifted and lost, abounding and alone.

## NATURE.

BECAUSE out of corruption burns the rose,  
And to corruption lovely cheeks descend ;  
Because with her right hand she heals the woes  
Her left hand wrought, loth nor to wound nor mend ;

I praise indifferent Nature, affable  
To all philosophies, of each unknown ;  
Though in my listening ear she leans to tell  
Some private word, as if for me alone.

Still, like an artist, she her meaning hides,  
Silent, while thousand tongues proclaim it clear ;  
Ungrudging, her large feast for all provides ;  
Tender, exultant, savage, blithe, austere,

In each man's hand she sets its proper tool,  
For the wise, wisdom, folly for the fool.





## NOTES.

*Page 1.* The poem "Porphyryon" was suggested by a story of Rufinus, told in "Historia Monachorum," cap. I. It will be found in Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals," 1869, vol. ii., p. 127. The author has adapted the legend to his own uses, and it bears therefore a quite altered complexion in the poem.

*Page 83.* "The Supper" was privately printed last year (1897) in a very small edition.

*Page 130.* These lines, composed as an exercise for the Oxford Sacred Poem Prize, but rejected, are in great measure a paraphrase from the Confessions of Augustine.

The Author offers his cordial thanks to the Editor of "The Spectator" for permission to reprint the part of this poem, which appeared in that journal; to the Editors of "The Westminster Gazette," and "The Dome," for permission to reprint "Midsummer Noon" and "The Paralytic;" and to the Rev. C. Henry Daniel, for permission to reprint several of the "Various Poems" from a volume issued by him at his private press in Oxford, 1895.

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